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6d FORTNIGHTLY — Edited by Sir John Hammerton — JULY 10, 1942

HEROES OF BIR HACHEIM. Of a surety the true France is expressed in the smiling and confident bearing of these two Free French warriors who fought most valiantly in the defence of Bir Hacheim. The Free French brigade under General Koenig held out for sixteen days. They destroyed about 70 Axis tanks, inflicted severe losses in men and material on the German and Italian forces, and in night raids liberated a number of our own men who had been taken prisoner. The garrison of Bir Hacheim was withdrawn on June 10.

Photo, British Official: Crown-Copyright

ALONG THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Our Military Critic, Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE fortnight ending June 22 was full of tense situations—for our Army perhaps the most tense since the days of Dunkirk—although, of course, less crucial. There is no denying that in Libya we suffered a severe and disconcerting reverse, and did not escape serious disaster.

On the whole, however, the tide of war continued to flow in favour of the Allies. In Russia, Sebastopol maintained its magnificent resistance to desperate attempts to storm the fortress; and a renewed effort by Von Bock to eliminate Timoshenko's menacing salient south of Kharkov failed after incurring heavy losses.

In the Pacific, although the Japanese secured a foothold in the Aleutian Islands, they paid a heavy price, having admittedly suffered naval losses comparable to those incurred at Midway Island. These, added to those of the Coral Sea and Midway Island, have completely changed the balance of sea power in the Pacific. Japan's losses of aircraft-carriers, her most formidable weapon, have been particularly severe; while American losses in all classes of ships have been comparatively light. Even in Libya, where we have to admit a disaster, Rommel had only partly achieved his main object—the destruction of Ritchie's Army—and had not yet become a serious menace to Egypt.

LIBYA With his usual promptitude Rommel, after our withdrawal from Bir Hacheim, made use of his recovered liberty of manoeuvre to revert to his original plan, which aimed at cutting off Ritchie's troops at Gazala and blocking their line of retreat to Tobruk.

Striking east with a strong Panzer force and motorized infantry, he attempted to rush Ritchie's El Adem post, but was driven off by the garrison and our armoured forces. Wheeling north, he attempted to reach the coast road west of Tobruk, using the whole of his armoured strength. Heavy fighting occurred round the defensive "boxes" of Knightsbridge and Acroma, and for a time it seemed that the situation would turn decisively in our favour. For it was a risky move; Ritchie's army was well under his hand, and his armoured troops and air force made it difficult for Rommel to maintain his ammunition and petrol supplies.

Then on Saturday, June 13, occurred one of those incidents which in a battle of manoeuvre may in a few minutes change the whole aspect. Whether as a protective measure or as an intentional trap Rommel, or one of his subordinate commanders, had concentrated a number of heavy anti-tank guns in a well-concealed position at Bir Behaffar, south of Acroma. A trap in the event it proved to be, for a concentration of our armoured troops, evidently moving in close formation to attack, were suddenly met with overwhelming fire at close range and suffered disastrous casualties, leaving Rommel with decisive predominance in armoured strength.

The situation of the S. African and 50th British Divisions in the Gazala position and of the garrison of the Knightsbridge post at once became precarious in the extreme. Ritchie promptly ordered their withdrawal—a very difficult and dangerous operation, carried out successfully next day.

The South Africans, with all their equipment, fought their way back by the coastal road with insignificant losses, their first withdrawal being covered by the 50th Division, which remained in position—and, later, by the Acroma post and a vigorous counter-attack delivered by a much-depleted armoured division. The 50th Division also got away successfully by most brilliant tactics. Instead of retiring in the obvious direction covered by a rearguard, they struck westward into the Italian position, taking two divisions by surprise and throwing them into confusion. Doing all the damage they could in their passage, they wheeled south; and eventually by a long détour through an area where the enemy was in possession, they reached safety. Whether the plan was conceived by General Ritchie or by the G.O.C. of the Division, it was an amazing example of what may sometimes be achieved by taking the unexpected course.

Rommel was in no condition to make a serious attack on our new positions before they were organized. His men admittedly were too exhausted, what with fighting and the heat. A small force, attempting to strike eastwards towards Halfaya, was sharply repulsed by the Sidi Rezegh post, and Ritchie had time to complete his dispositions; occupying the old Tobruk perimeter and also a strong position on the top, and not as formerly at the bottom, of the Halfaya escarpment above Sollum. The situation was therefore much the same as it was before Auchinleck's offensive last November.

Then came serious disaster. Rommel at first moved east with his armoured divisions towards Halfaya, while his main infantry and artillery body closed in round Tobruk. Then suddenly, when within 25 miles of the new position at Halfaya, he turned his armour about and, acting with the speed for which he is famous, on June 20 launched an attack on Tobruk with his whole strength preceded by heavy bombing by his Stukas. Attacking from the east, his armour forced its way through the perimeter defences, still incompletely protected by minefields; and his infantry followed through the gap. Then his tanks went on, and the end came on Sunday morning. Our troops fought gallantly, but probably they had not had time to organize their defences thoroughly, and there may have been a shortage of anti-tank guns. No doubt Rommel had received stronger reinforcements than was expected, but one must conclude that the reviving power of defence has not yet proved invulnerable to determined and skilful attack.

Rommel's success was no doubt due largely to his resource, vigour and daring. He probably had advantage in the heavy tanks, of which he seems to have plenty in reserve, for though our "General Grant" tanks were good there were not enough of them. The same applies to our new anti-tank gun; and no doubt Rommel made very skilful use of his numerical strength in this class of weapon.

Air power seems to have had surprisingly little influence on the course of the battle. The R.A.F. attacks on Rommel's supply service, persistent and gallant as they were, never apparently caused serious interruption;

LIBYAN CLEARANCE of British motorized infantry, widely spread out so as to avoid casualties, in case of an attack by dive-bombers; moving into action. All around stretches the vast expanse of the desert, barren and grim. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

THE WESTERN DESERT, showing places involved in the fighting for Tobruk, which fell into enemy hands on June 21. After the evacuation of Bir Hacheim Rommel virtually surrounded the port and attacked it with overwhelming strength and drive. *Courtesy of The Observer*

and Rommel, except at Bir Hacheim, and at Tobruk, owed little to his Stukas. The air attacks made on our communications with Egypt did little damage, and may have had a reconnaissance purpose, to test defences, if an attempt to establish a block with airborne troops, reported to be assembled in Crete, is contemplated.

The question is certain to be asked, how did it happen that our armoured divisions fell into the trap, which so materially altered the whole situation? Normally it might be expected that it would have been discovered by advanced patrols or cooperating aircraft; but it would be grossly unjust to assume neglect of precautions. Probably dust had something to do with it, necessitating close dispositions in order to maintain contact; and if aircraft were working with the column it is easy to miss well-posted troops using the concealment immobility gives. Very low flying would not help, for if visibility is too low to give a view of an object as it is approached the difficulty of distinguishing it in the flash of passing over is very great. Consider how little can be seen of near-by objects from a railway carriage, and multiply the speed of the train by four.

All the strategical text books warn retreating armies not to take refuge in fortresses, but to retain their mobility at all costs. The

KHARKOV FRONT, where throughout June the Red Army under Marshal Timoshenko attacked, and was attacked by, von Bock's Nazis. *By courtesy of The Times*

GEN. VON MANNSTEIN (left) with one of his divisional commanders discussing plans for an all-out attack on Sebastopol. *Photo, Keystone*

advisability of holding Tobruk has consequently been questioned in some quarters. But wars cannot be fought on a literal interpretation of theoretical doctrines, and every situation requires analysis. In the first instance, it is still uncertain whether Ritchie's decision was imposed on him by the difficulty of withdrawing his whole force to the frontier, or whether it was deliberately taken. Assuming the latter, there were arguments in favour of the decision. It would prevent large accumulations of stores falling into the enemy's hands and deny him the use of the best port in Cyrenaica, and if Rommel intended to attack the Halfaya position he would have to leave a strong investing force at Tobruk to safeguard his communications. He would, therefore, be more vulnerable to counter-attack.

On the other hand, there was the risk that he might concentrate his whole force to attack the isolated position at Tobruk. But the defensive possibilities of the place had been proved, and it may have been thought that they had been increased by the power of new anti-tank weapons to repel armoured attack. Possibly Rommel's residual strength and power to launch an attack before the defences were fully organized were underestimated. The conditions in this respect were less favourable than when Wavell made his decision, for Rommel was stronger and his communications shorter. Against this, Ritchie had at Halfaya a stronger force than Wavell possessed, and it might shortly recover its offensive potentialities. Failing such recovery, a prolonged occupation of Tobruk would have imposed a heavy strain on the Navy; for the enemy air force in Crete exposed sea communications to constant air attack, and the port itself would be under persistent attack from near-by airfields.

Perhaps the worst feature of Rommel's success is that it adds to the difficulty of the naval situation in the Mediterranean. His own sea communications have become more secure and ours less so. Possibly the appearance of the really long-range Liberator bombers in the Middle East, which must be most unwelcome to Italy, will partly compensate for the loss of our advanced airfields in Libya. They may also have a marked effect on the situation in Russia.

IN THE CRIMEA von Mannstein made desperate efforts to take Sebastopol. German and Rumanian divisions were sacrificed altogether regardless of loss.
By courtesy of The Daily Mail

RUSSIA During the period under review, the situation was as tense at Sebastopol as in Libya. All through the fortnight desperate German attacks succeeded each other with hardly an interval, but the garrison, though hard pressed, fought magnificently and made frequent counter-attacks. Owing to the nature of the ground the Germans admitted that in most sectors tanks could not operate, and that they had to rely on infantry, supported by intense bombing attacks and artillery bombardment.

What that meant in casualties when attacks were repulsed we learnt in the last war; and one must conclude that the Germans considered the capture of the fortress to be of vital importance. Why would not investment of the place have sufficed? Is it because troops could not for long be spared for the purpose, or aircraft to prevent the use of the port by the Black Sea Fleet? It seems more probable that the Germans require the port themselves in order to ease the supply problems of a major offensive in the south; especially that part of it which might operate from Kerch. Railway communications running east and west in South Russia are few and follow circuitous routes. Those served by the port of Sebastopol would gain immensely in value by its capture and are perhaps essential to the maintenance of a major offensive.

Von Bock's renewal of the attack on the Kharkov front was also evidently a preliminary operation. It met with little success and was immensely costly.

If and when a major offensive does come the preliminary operations may have robbed it of much of its sting; and if it has to be postponed till preliminary operations reach a successful conclusion, the time lost will be hard to recover. Already we have reached the anniversary of the opening of last year's campaign in which lack of time was so much in evidence.

Moscow radio has commented on the failure of tanks against the new power of anti-tank weapons, and draws the conclusion that deep penetration by Panzer thrusts are unlikely to be attempted in future. That, of course, would mean slower operations than those of last year.

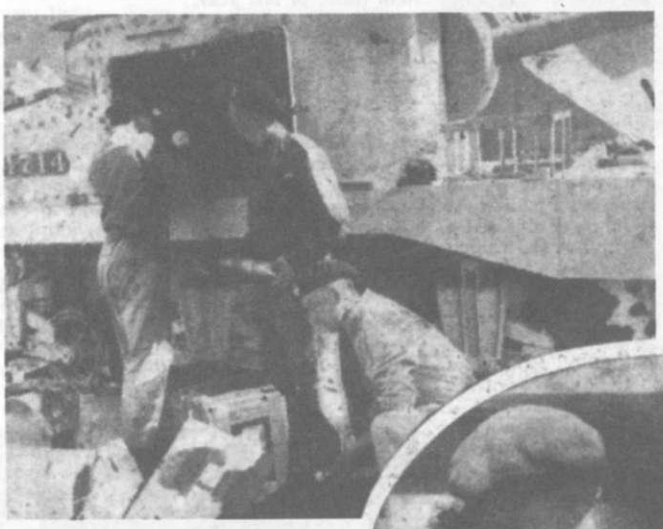
FAR EAST The situation in the Aleutian Islands is obscure, and it remains to be seen whether Japan will retain her footing in the islands. If she does it is unlikely to prove of much value to her unless she becomes engaged in a war with Russia. Possibly the enterprise had that possibility in view, but under existing conditions it involves the maintenance of still another line of sea communication, and it has meant immediate and heavy naval losses.

Reduction in number of her aircraft-carriers must practically prohibit any further amphibious adventure which cannot be closely supported by shore-based aircraft. That, of course, reduces the danger of invasion of Australia and India.

SOVIET TANKS coming into action in the Kharkov sector. Above, Red Army gunners with an anti-tank gun on a tractor on the lookout for Nazi movements.
Photos, U.S.S.R. Official

At Close Quarters with the General Grants

MAN THE TANKS! The order has been given, and British crews are doubling towards the fleet of American General Grants lined up on the Libyan sands. This new tank, mass-produced in the U.S.A. during last winter, and since shipped to the Middle East, played an important part in the fierce battles of the Cauldron and Knightsbridge.



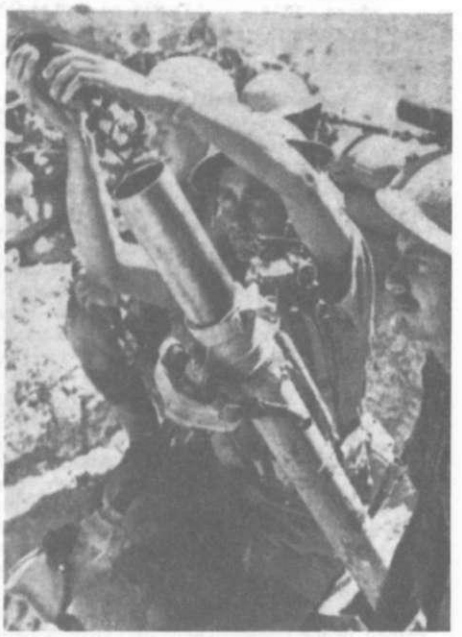
Preparing for further encounters with the Panzers, a General Grant being loaded with ammunition somewhere in the desert.

A line of General Grants moving up for battle. Heavily armour-plated, some of these new tanks have survived direct hits.

MAINTENANCE MEN of the Royal Tank Regiment removing one of the tracks of a General Grant. Oval, ramming home a shell inside a tank. Right, cleaning the 75-mm. gun. The General Grant weighs about 28 tons and mounts two guns—a 37-mm. and a 75-mm. Though much "boosted" before the battle, after the fall of Tobruk it was stated that the General Grants were already obsolescent in America, had vulnerable spots, and were too slow. Certain it was that there were not enough of them.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

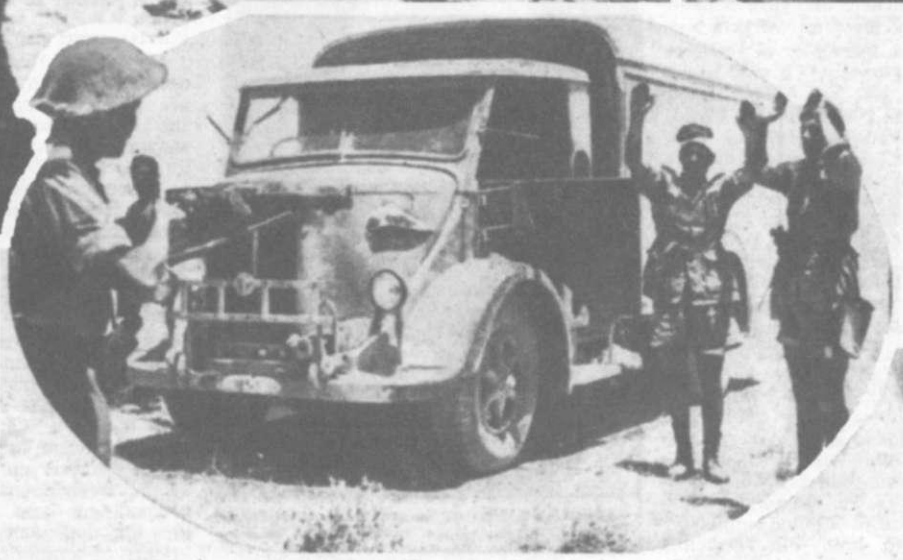
In the Libyan Inferno Round About Acroma



South African Mortar Section in action in the Western Desert. The South Africans, under Major-General Pienaar, were ordered by General Ritchie to withdraw from Gazala on June 13. Under cover of the 50th Division the daring manoeuvre was carried out, and the South Africans suffered only six casualties.

Beneath, R.A.M.C. stretcher-bearers and medical officer on their errand of succour.

Photos, British Official



British supply column being bombed near Acroma. Here a single British tank division gallantly resisted two German armoured divisions, supported by a motorized division, for a whole day before they were compelled to retire. Right, running into an ambush this enemy vehicle was caught by our gunners. The crew leapt out and put up their hands. Beneath, British soldier displays the Swastika flag behind a captured Nazi.

The 'Fighting French' at Bay at Bir Hacheim

"Now we shall be able to show you that true Frenchmen still fight—and fight better than Germans." So ran a message to the British Commander from the Free French troops who, after cooling their heels in Syria for months of unwelcome inactivity, were sent to join our Eighth Army in Libya. Below we tell how they more than made good their promise.

BIR HACHEIM! Just a spot on the map of the Western Desert, and in the desert itself a four-mile-long plateau of sand and stone, with in the middle a well, now as dry as the barren waste round about. But there came a day when it was turned into a formidable fortress, planted thickly with guns, sown with minefields, bordered with belts of wire. And to garrison it there came a little army—perhaps 4,000 men in all—who fought under the flag of Free France. They were a mixed crowd: Bretons fought shoulder to shoulder with Parisians, Senegalese sharp-shooters lay in the trenches beside native warriors from New Caledonia in the far-distant Pacific; the Foreign Legion was there, too, with Spanish Republicans, veterans of the war against Franco, some Germans who were still prepared to fight and if need be die for freedom, an American, and a handful (four officers and a dozen men) of British liaison troops. There were also two British women—an Australian girl and a doctor married to a French doctor; throughout the battle they peeled potatoes, helped in the field kitchens and gave a hand to the ambulance and hospital workers.

Set at the southern extremity of General Ritchie's line, Bir Hacheim was a vital spot; and from its slight rise the French were able to command the desert for far afield, so that Rommel's communications were constantly threatened To attack Ritchie's army in the rear, as was apparently Rommel's plan, the Germans and their Italian allies had to run the gauntlet of the Bir Hacheim guns. So the order went out from Rommel: "Bir Hacheim must be taken," and again, "The French at Bir Hacheim must be wiped out to the last man."

But Rommel had not allowed for General Joseph Koenig—that valiant 42-year-old soldier who after fighting the Germans in the snows of Narvik and over the fields of Normandy was now to his great joy face to face with them again. According to report he had sworn never to sheathe his sword until his native Alsace was liberated from the Nazi yoke. He approached his present task in a mood of sublime simplicity. "My orders are to hold Bir Hacheim. I hold Bir Hacheim."

So the attack began. At 7 a.m. on May 27 seventy Italian tanks tried to penetrate the minefields surrounding the plateau.

"We opened fire at two thousand yards with our 75s, which we got from the Vichy French after the Syrian campaign," said a sergeant of the French Foreign Legion. "They are wonderful guns. I watched tank after tank explode. At about a thousand yards we had destroyed fifteen tanks, but others still came on and we kept knocking them out. Two actually got into the minefields; by extraordinary luck they did not strike a single mine and were within 200 yards of my gun before they were hit. At that range, they went up in little bits."

The attack was completely shattered and the survivors lumbered hastily away across the desert. But on the field of the encounter thirty-five Italian tanks flamed and smouldered.

Cheered by their success, the garrison in daring mood sent out patrol after patrol, who played havoc with the enemy's supply columns and shot up many an infantry post. On June 1 British armoured cars which had assembled at Bir Hacheim swept out and occupied Rotunda Segnali, a point well behind the Axis lines, whence they harassed Rommel's columns. This exploit and others like it made it all the more necessary for the enemy to subdue Bir Hacheim. So further assaults were planned, and delivered, with tanks, artillery and Stuka dive-bombers. On June 2 an infantry attack in force with strong artillery support was withered by the French machine-gunners. The next day fierce shelling began, and this continued almost uninterruptedly by day and by night until the end. Bombing raids, too, were frequent. In almost contemptuous disregard of their losses in men and machines the enemy still came on, but it was not until June 8 that they succeeded in effecting their first penetration of the minefield.

Well did Bir Hacheim earn its nickname of the "lost inferno." Koenig's men were described as "ghosts" by an Italian prisoner. "We are beginning to believe that Bir Hacheim is held by phantom Frenchmen," he said; "we cannot believe that they are still alive after the terrific pounding we have been giving them for the last ten days." He added, "Perhaps the Legion has been up to its tricks again"—a reference to the old ruse of the French Foreign Legion in the fighting in the Moroccan desert of propping dummies against the parapets and putting rifles into their hands, so as to draw the enemy fire. A French War Correspondent gave a vivid description of yet another tank attack.

GENERAL KOENIG, Commander of the Free French Forces, whose valiant stand at Bir Hacheim against the Axis is among the great episodes of the war. Though the little garrison was compelled to retreat, their resistance was of vital importance. "Yours is an example for all of us," said General Ritchie in a message to this Alsatian hero.
Photo, British Official

"Spitting sand from their teeth and shaking it from their hair," he wrote, "General Koenig's lean, grim, unshaven ghosts rose to the occasion once again. As soon as the Axis armoured forces were sighted the alarm was flashed to every man. The French held their fire, and then at a given signal they let them have it. The desert seemed to shudder at the concerted bark of their 75s mingled with the staccato rattle of machine-guns. German tanks stopped in their tracks, or slowed round in circles, churning up the sand like great jungle beasts in their death-throes."

Still tattered and begrimed the French Tricolour with the Lorraine Cross hung proudly over the desolate little plateau. The air was heavy with fumes from the smoking guns. All around were the shattered remains of many a score of derelict tanks, amongst which moved parties of grave-diggers, burying the heaps of enemy dead. Though sorely reduced in numbers, Koenig's men were fighting like maniacs.

Five times at least Italian officers advanced with a white flag, and called upon General Koenig to surrender. Each time they were received with a blunt refusal, even jeers, and the French in their refusals got ruder and ruder. At last their stock of epithets had practically given out, and they had come to the exceedingly rude and quite unprintable word which General Cambronne is reported to have used at Waterloo when the English summoned the remnants of Napoleon's Old Guard to surrender.

Attack followed attack, and still the Free French kept up their magnificent defence. Still, too, the R.A.F. continued to give the greatest support and encouragement to the beleaguered garrison. "When we get out of this," said one soldier from Paris, "I will kiss the first R.A.F. officer I see, whether he likes it or not. And after that I will have a hot bath." And a Breton remarked as a British plane swooped from the clouds and drove off a Stuka about to dive on to the French positions, "that is the only collaboration we want.' One day the defenders of Bir Hacheim sent a message to the R.A.F.: "Bravo, merci pour le R.A.F."; to which the R.A.F. answered, "Bravo, merci pour le sport."

For more than a fortnight the bitter conflict went on. "We don't feel that we are defending some insignificant oasis in the Libyan desert," said one man, "we feel we are defending our own homes in Nantes and Versailles." All were greatly cheered to hear of a message from General de Gaulle. "All France looks to you in her pride. Please convey this message to your men." So ran the message, and General Koenig was quick to pass it on as he strode about the plateau, tireless, joking and whistling in tuneless fashion.

By June 7 the enemy had assembled ten thousand men around Bir Hacheim—Italians for the most part, but including a large number of picked Nazis, with plentiful tanks and artillery. Gradually the weight of numbers began to tell, and they were able to get up their guns within a short distance of the French entrenchments. But always a small gap was kept open, and through this the defenders were able to receive a trickle of supplies. At length on June 10 General Ritchie decided that Bir Hacheim had done its job, and he gave orders that Koenig and his men should be withdrawn.

The operation was entrusted to a column of the British Seventh Motorized Brigade, and at the appointed hour, 11 p.m. on June 10, the garrison began to file on foot through the narrow gap in the southern sector of the minefield to where the Brigadier had lorries in waiting. Swiftly they were embussed and driven off some miles to the west, where R.A.S.C. parties were ready to receive them with hot tea and other drinks, food and cigarettes. At the same time another and smaller party made their withdrawal in lorries, taking with them some of their guns; these were not so fortunate, since they were attacked by the enemy and suffered some casualties. Forty ambulances accompanied the British rescue column, and in these were loaded all the wounded that were capable of being moved.

But some of the garrison had to be left behind to cover the retreat of their comrades. To the last they kept up their fire, until on the morning of June 11 the Germans and their Italian jackals swept over the plateau in triumph. More than 2,000 prisoners were claimed, with many guns and vehicles, and 1,000 dead were said to have been found on the devastated slopes. But the honours of war rested surely with the Fighting French.

'All France Looked to Them in Pride'

Free French anti-aircraft gunners on the Libyan front. Left, photograph radioed from Cairo shows some of the heroes of Bir Hacheim who for more than a fortnight kept at bay the 90th Light German Division and the Italian motorized Trieste Division.

French 75-mm. gun in action. The Free French Brigade in the Middle East comprises the Foreign Legion, French colonial troops and other units under command of General de Larminat and General Koenig.

Left, War Sister Kelsey, a Londoner, who served on the Libyan front as theatre sister for the Free French mobile hospital at Bir Hacheim. Above, Free French Marines at a 25-mm. anti-tank and A.A. gun in Libya.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by **Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.**

IN the fast-moving panorama of the air war, some events appear to invest themselves with the significance of isolation. Dramatic as these happenings often are, it is a mistake to regard them as things apart. Strategically, they are a part of the World War. The prudent observer must endeavour to fit them into their proper places, just as the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle must be so fitted to get the balance of the picture right. Such an event was the Battle of the Mediterranean Convoys which preceded the fall of Tobruk.

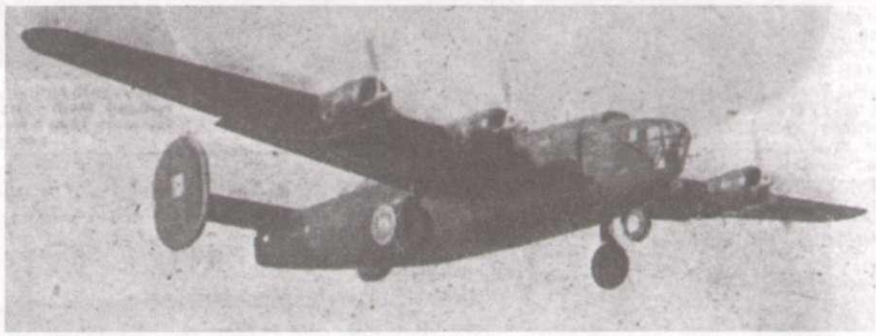
While the Libyan tank-air battle raged fiercely after the German break-through at Bir Hacheim, two great sea-air battles developed over and around the passage of two British convoys in the Mediterranean Sea. The land and sea battles were generally reported as separate events. They cannot be so regarded. They were closely linked. An examination of both together gives an important clue to Axis air strategy.

Malta must be regarded as Britain's Middle East advanced air base. The use of Malta enables the R.A.F. to bomb southern Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. It enables Britain to bring air pressure to bear upon the shipping supply lines of the Axis across the Mediterranean between Italy and Tripoli. It therefore exercises a restraining influence upon Axis supply bases of departure and arrival on the north and south Mediterranean shores and upon the inter-connecting routes. That is why Malta was the subject of intense air attack prior to the opening of Rommel's spring 1942 offensive.

Malta is like an ocean aerodrome anchored 1,100 miles from Gibraltar and 650 miles from the nearest point of the Egyptian frontier. One of the most densely-populated areas of the world, it is not self-supporting. Supplies for its population and for its garrison must be taken there to enable it to function as an air base. The aircraft can be flown there, but bombs, torpedoes, petrol, oil, and spares must be transported by ship, or Malta will lose her offensive power.

From Alexandria to the battlefields of Libya stretches the desert. The straight line distance to Tobruk is 350 miles. Overland transport can be used, but larger quantities of vital war supplies can be carried in ships.

The R.A.F. and S.A.A.F. were pounding away at Rommel's tank and motorized columns thrusting eastwards in Cyrenaica; under the command of Air Vice-Marshal "Mary" Coningham (the nickname is a corruption of Maori, Coningham being a New Zealander) Boston and Kitty-Bombers struck many times a day at enemy columns and tanks, and definitely halted by air power alone several German armoured attacks on some of our defended positions. Fighter screens prevented enemy fighters from getting through to attack our bombers, and for days on end not a single Boston was lost. For three weeks this operation continued non-stop from dawn to dusk, sixteen hours a day. But Rommel's forces still came on.



Significant event in the Mediterranean war zone in June was the appearance in action of 4-engined Liberator bombers flown by American crews. Fifteen of these huge planes made a raid on the oilfields at Ploesti in Rumania; while others helped to bomb Italian warships during the attack on the Malta convoys. *Photo, British Official*

Huge supplies must have got through to the German Afrika Korps while Malta was under its spring travail from the air.

But Rommel's supplies were clearly being used up faster than he could continue indefinitely to replace them, during this, the fifth Libyan battle. The storm of war lashed fiercer than ever before. At the moment when the British Eighth Army was in strategic retreat to defensive positions in its rear, two convoys set out for Malta, one from Gibraltar, the other from Alexandria via Tobruk—timed to split up Axis opposition by their synchronization.

The Axis armies were left, with a minimum of air support, to fend for themselves, while almost the full brunt of Axis air power in the Mediterranean was diverted to the task of preventing the convoys from reaching Malta, which, to Rommel, mattered more than Tobruk.

Army and R.A.F. personnel refuelling and reloading a Spitfire on a Malta aerodrome. A brief lull followed the concentrated Axis air raids on the island prior to Rommel's Libyan offensive, but when enemy forces reached the Egyptian frontier the bombing attacks on Malta were renewed. *Photo, British Official*

The greatest sea-air battle ever fought raged for four days from June 13. The convoys were escorted by warships. The one from Alexandria was escorted by shore-based fighters. Beaufighters, each armed with three cannon-guns and four machine-guns, flew 300 miles westwards from Malta to meet the oncoming convoy somewhere between Cagliari and Bizerta.

An Italian fleet steamed southwards from Taranto naval base. Another Italian fleet thrust northward between Tunisia and Pantelleria, presumably to try to force the eastward-bound convoy close to the coast of Sicily where it would be within easy reach of shore-based dive-bombers. The Italian warships found they were not fighting warships, but aeroplanes. The fleet from Taranto was met 220 miles north-west of Tobruk by four-engined Liberator bombers flown by American crews and carrying heavy bombs, followed by torpedo-carrying aircraft. That fleet of two battleships, three cruisers, and ten destroyers turned and fled northwards with 23 hits on one battleship and 15 on another and both on fire. A cruiser was sunk, and other ships damaged. That fleet never got within five hours' steaming range of the British convoy. This convoy, attacked by aircraft, failed to reach Malta, but got some supply ships into Tobruk.

The threatened sea action in the Sicilian narrows developed into another major battle. Aircraft fought aircraft to get at the ships and to protect them. Warships of both sides were attacked with bombs and air-borne torpedoes; the merchant-ships were similarly attacked. Losses were suffered by both sides. The surviving ships of this convoy reached Malta. In both battles the enemy lost at least 65 aircraft, the United Nations, for their part, lost 30—dual evidence of the severity of the air action.

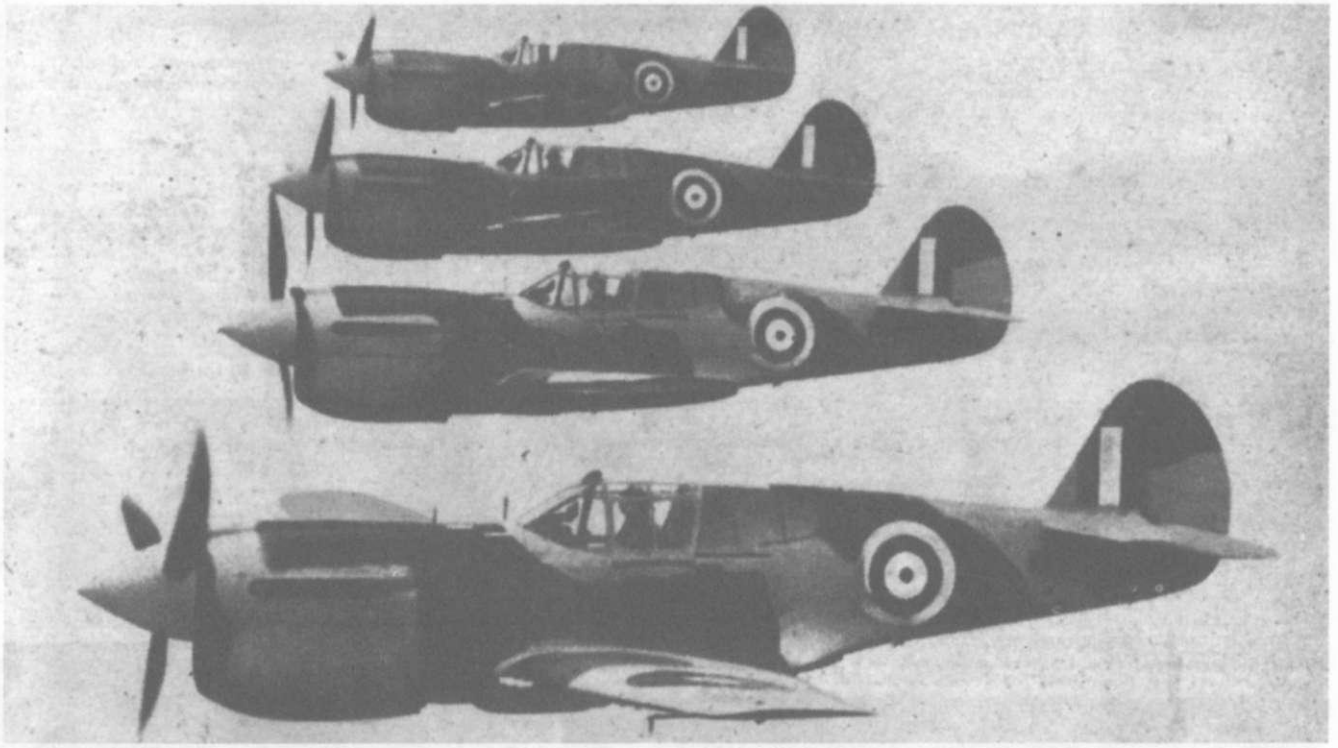
Axis air power was here used strategically to weaken our future position in preference to concentrating all their air power upon the battlefield. The flexibility of Axis air power is one of its features. The United Nations' air action was purely tactical.

OUR supply lines are our greatest weakness. The Axis know that. They know, too, that air power can dominate supply lines when they pass within its reach. For that reason, air supremacy is for us a condition imperative for victory. But, while we are toiling towards the goal of air supremacy, we can answer the Axis air attacks upon our supply lines if we choose to do so strategically.

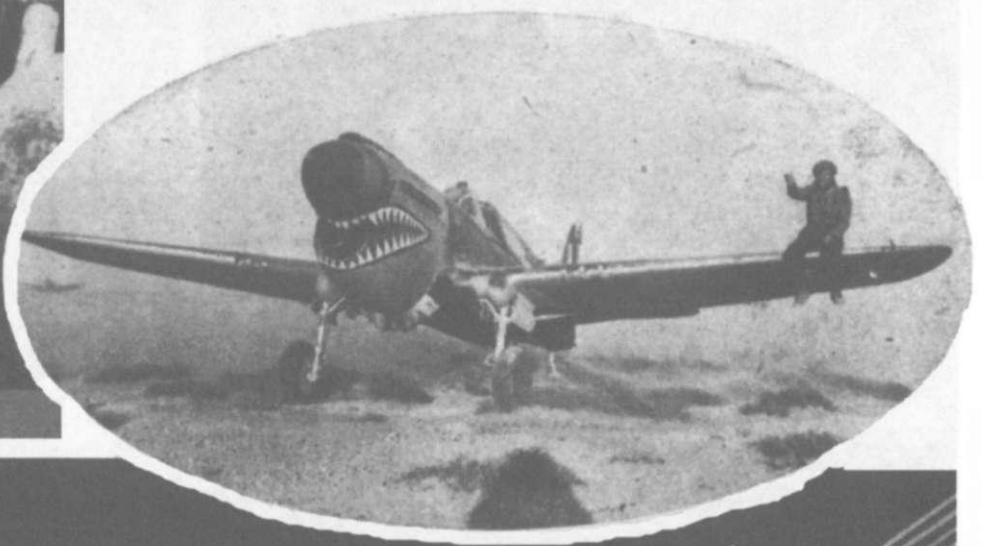
Thus: We can blot out Axis supply ports on the northern shore of the Mediterranean by mass bomb raids on one port after another. Rome is a vital Italian railway communication centre—that makes it a military objective; others are Bologna and Pisa. These three cut all railway routes running south through Italy. And we might destroy the entrances to the trans-Alpine tunnels; or failing that, destroy Genoa. Such are our answers to Axis air interference with our convoys. By such means as these we can surely do something to deplete Rommel upon the battlefield.

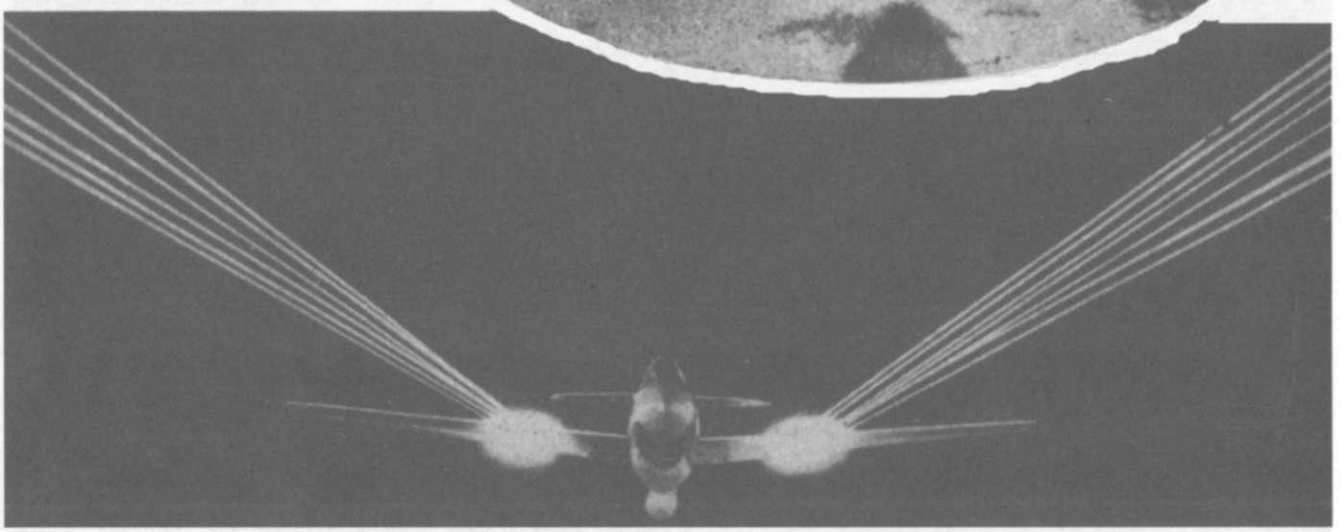
Meanwhile, by mining the Baltic from the air we are impeding Axis supplies to their front in North Russia. Large numbers of Axis ships have been sunk. The air-mine is a weapon that Germany must regret she began to use. In the shallow waters of the Baltic it is particularly effective. It has recoiled upon her with a vengeance there.

Kittyhawks Seeking Their Prey in Libya



U.S.-made Kittyhawks in flight over Libya. Left, R.A.F. armourers bombing up a Kittyhawk on an advanced aerodrome in Libya preparatory to a raid on Rommel's positions.





CURTISS HAWK P. 40E—the Kittyhawk is P. 40D—with all guns ablaze during gunnery practice on the new Curtiss Wright firing range in Buffalo. Oval, a Kittyhawk fighter belonging to the famous R.A.F. "Sharknose" Squadron landed during a sandstorm in the Western Desert, a mechanic on top of one of the wings guiding her. Though no details of the Curtiss Hawk P. 40E's firepower have been released, this American machine is among the most heavily armoured in existence.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone

'Down Under' They Mean To Be On Top

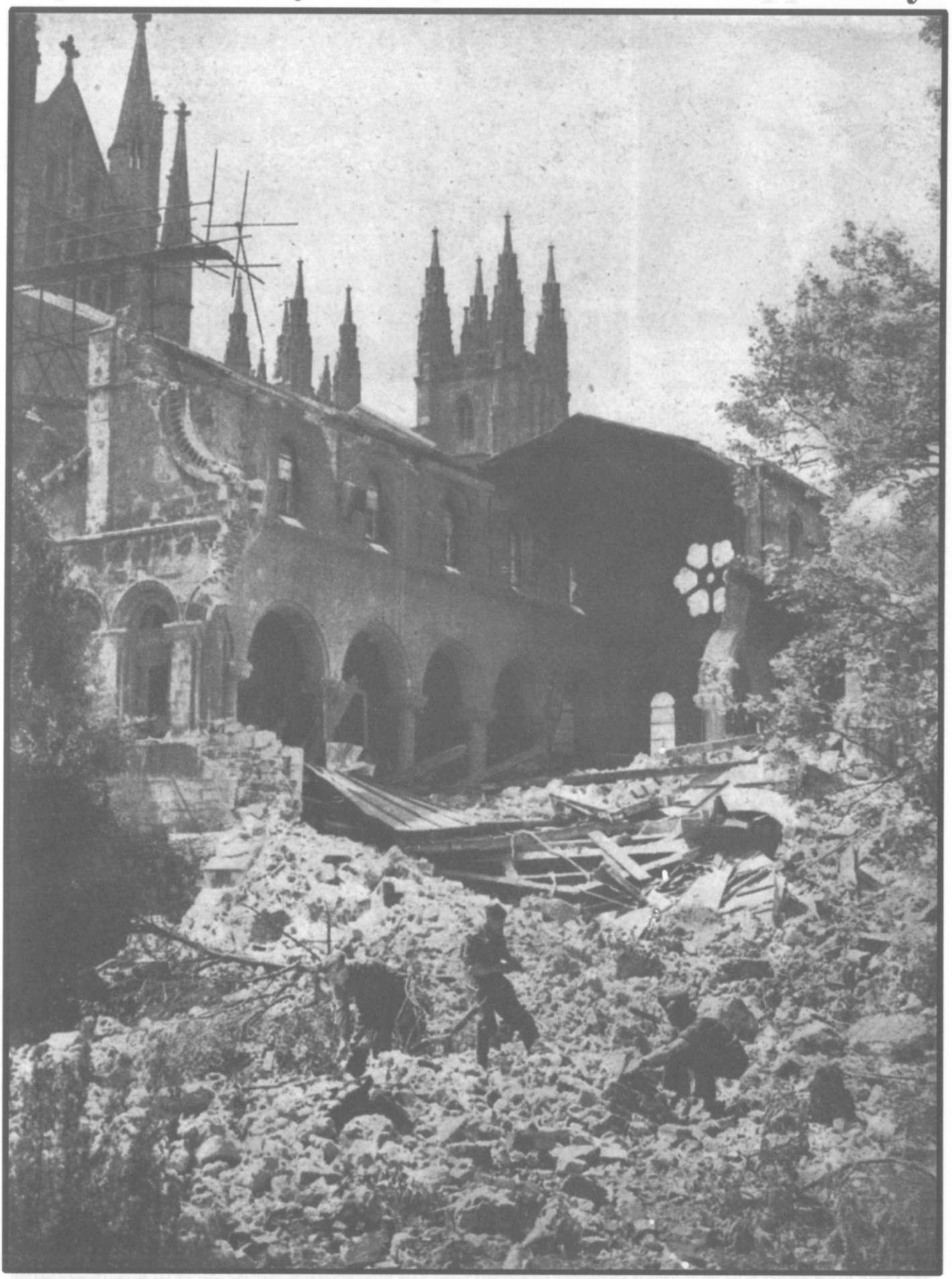
American and Australian soldiers refuelling a U.S. Army Flying Fortress at the Alice Springs aerodrome. "In all areas you will find Americans commanding Australians and vice versa," said Gen. Brett, Cdr. of the Allied air forces.

Japanese pilot, captured after his Zero plane crashed on the beach at Port Moresby, Papua, on his way to the prison camp. Centre left, General MacArthur (in profile), hero of Corregidor and Allied Supreme Commander in the South-West Pacific, conferring with Lt.-General V. A. K. Sturdee, Chief of the General Staff, and Mr. F. M. Forde, Australia's Army Minister.

Members of an Australian Coast Artillery Unit firing their heavy gun. The war in Australia has, so far, been confined to air duels and raids between Japanese forces based in the Dutch East Indies and Australian and American aircraft operating from Australian aerodromes.

Photos, Keystone, Sport & General, Planet News

At Canterbury the Nazis Bombed the Library



IN REVENGE FOR COLOGNE the Nazis raided Canterbury on the night of Sunday, May 31. The Cathedral Library was hit, and in the foreground of this photo some soldiers are seen clearing up the debris. Though it housed one of the oldest collections of books in England, the Library was a modern structure and its greater treasures had been removed to a place of safety. The Cathedral itself was not hit, although, said Dean Hewlett Johnson, it was singled out and dive-bombed.

Photo, Keystone

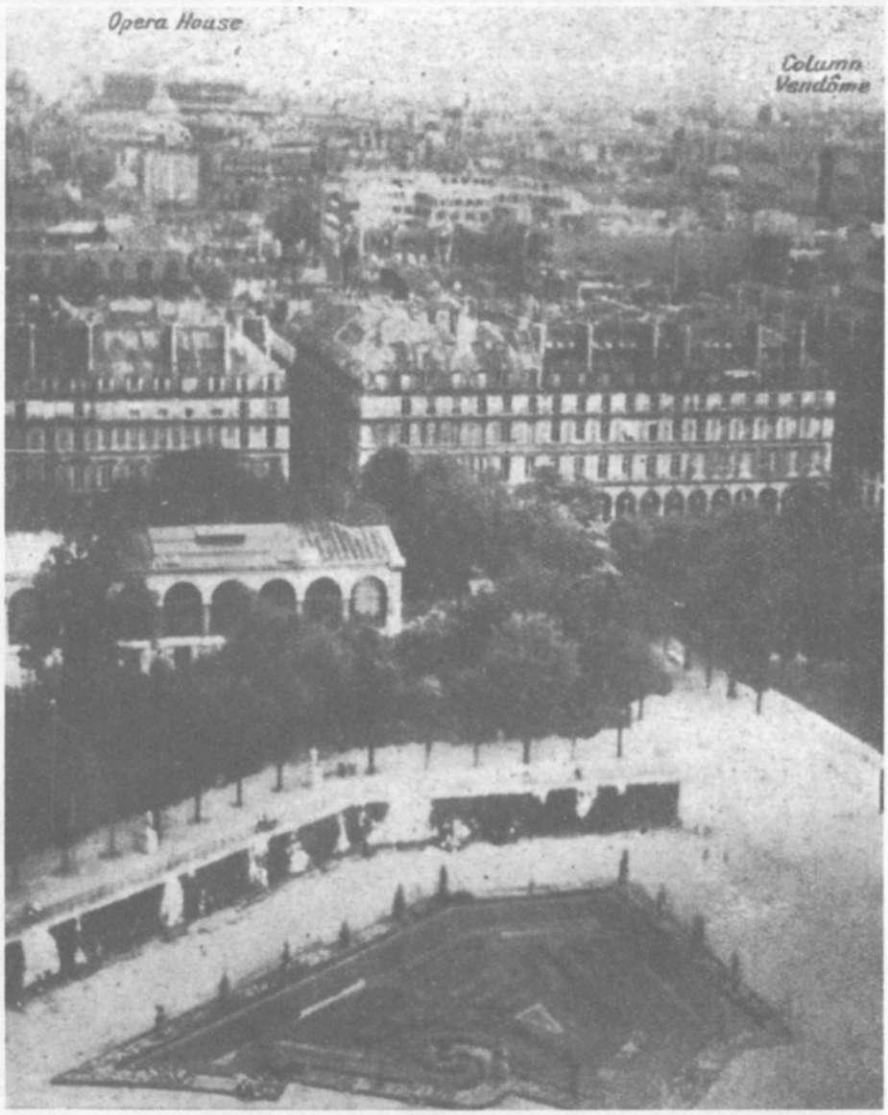
We Dropped a Tricolour by the Arc de Triomphe

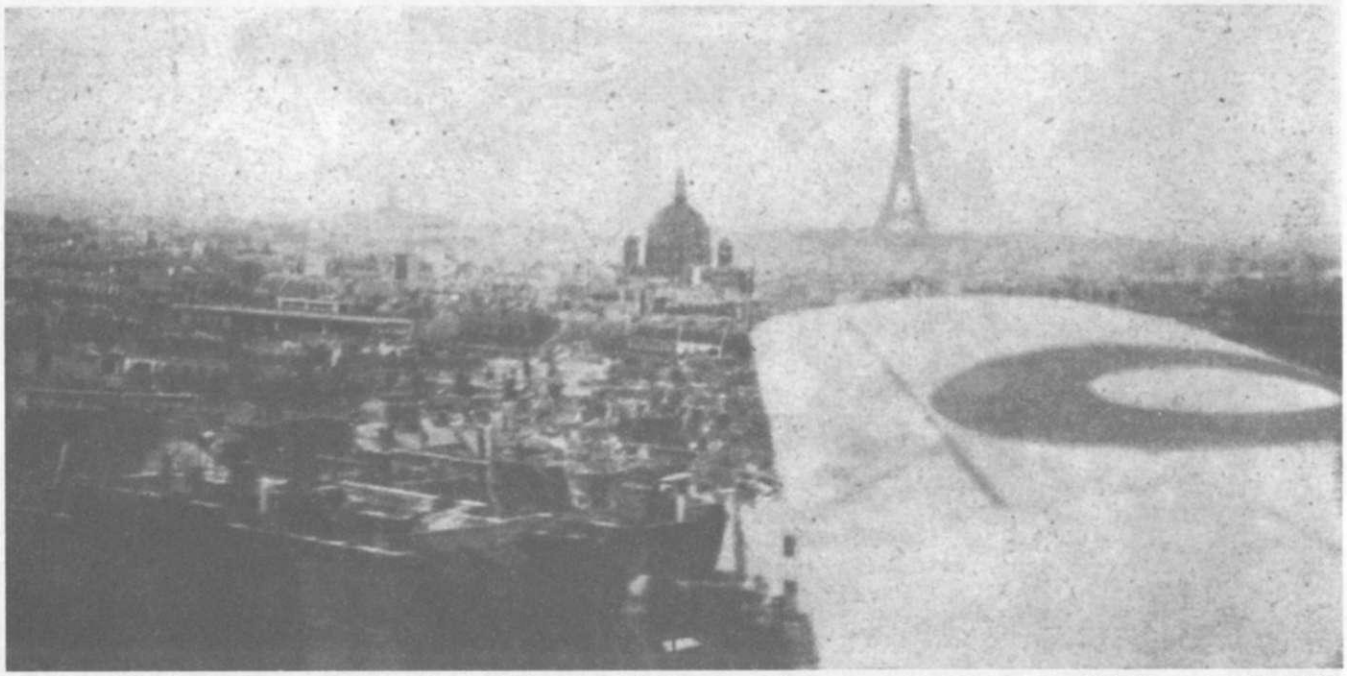
Fl.-Lt. A. K. GATWARD of the Coastal Command who dropped the Tricolour by the Arc de Triomphe in Paris and cannon-shelled the German-occupied Ministry of Marine building.

I'D never been to Paris before, but it looked exactly as I imagined it would : we studied a lot of guide books and photographs before we set out. We took a bearing from the Eiffel Tower and came in smack over the Defence Monument, and then headed straight for the Arc de Triomphe. I said to Sergeant Fern, my observer, "Are you ready with the first flag ?" And he said, "Yes, I'm ready all right, but the slip-stream is nearly breaking my arm." He was pushing this weighted and furled flag down a flare shoot into the slip-stream from the propellers, and at the right moment he let her go. Vichy says it fell right on the tomb of the unknown warrior.

One of the things we wanted to look at particularly was the Ministry of Marine, because it was crammed with Huns, and we had something for them. We turned south a bit towards the river so we could come square up to the Ministry, and we were in line at a range of about five hundred yards before we let fly with our four cannons, and I saw the sparks flying off the building. We hadn't any time to see whether the shells burst inside, but a good deal went through the window. We sprayed the place from base to apex and we only cleared the roof by about five feet. While I was doing this Fern was shouting encouragement and pushing out the second flag, which we hoped would fall slap across the front door.

From Fl.-Lt. Gatward's broadcast, June 17





SCRAPING PARIS ROOFS Fl.-Lt. Gatward took his bearings by the Eiffel Tower, seen in the distance beyond the wing of his plane. Sometimes his machine was even below the level of the roofs. A second Tricolour was dropped near the Ministry of Marine in the Place de la Concorde. The whole flight from the time the aircraft was airborne until it returned to its base occupied 150 minutes, and was carried out without any serious interference by the enemy. The upper photo, also taken during the flight, shows a corner of the Jardin des Tuileries, running behind which is the Rue de Rivoli, where the Gestapo H.Q. are situated. *Photos, British Official ; G.P.U.*

Molotov Makes History in Britain and U.S.

Three of the photographs in this page illustrate Mr. Molotov's visit to this country to sign the Twenty Years' Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Northern Ireland on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other. They are (1) Mr. Molotov greeted on his arrival in England by a senior Air Force Officer ; (2) Mr. Molotov arriving by an L.N.E.R. special train at a London suburban station with (right) Mr. Maisky and Mr. Anthony Eden ; (3) Mr. Molotov signs the Treaty on May 26 at the Foreign Office. On his left are Mr. Eden, Mr. Churchill and Mr Attlee, while Mr. Maisky is on his right. (4) President Roosevelt and Mr. Molotov in Washington, where the latter arrived on May 29. (5) Reading to the workers in a Moscow factory the text of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty.

Photos, British Official; Russian Official; Fox, Keystone

Britain and Russia Allies For Twenty Years

In London on May 26 there was signed the Anglo-Soviet Treaty of Alliance—an event which history will probably rank as among the greatest and most portentous happenings of the war. The story of the Treaty's framing and signature is given below, while in the preceding page are reproduced a number of relevant photographs.

"I AM glad to be able to inform the House that his Majesty's Government have concluded a treaty with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics which confirms our alliance with that country during the war against Germany and her associates in Europe."

Tremendous cheers greeted this declaration made by Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, in the House of Commons on the afternoon of June 11. There were more cheers when Mr. Eden stated that the Treaty provides that "after the war our two countries will render each other mutual assistance against any further attack by Germany or her associates," and still more cheers for the further provision that Britain and Russia and the other United Nations are to cooperate in the peace settlement and during the ensuing period of reconstruction on the basis of the principles set out in the Atlantic Charter.

Briefly, Mr. Eden reviewed the course of events which had led up to this dramatic stroke of high policy. He recalled the evening of June 22 last year when, only a few hours after Hitler began his invasion of Russia, Mr. Churchill affirmed that the Russian danger was our danger and that we would give to Russia whatever help we could and make common cause with the Russian people. He recalled the Anglo-Soviet agreement of July 12, Lord Beaverbrook's visit to Moscow in September, and his own visit in December. Since then conversations had been continuing, and when the discussions had made sufficient progress the British Government had suggested that Mr. Molotov should come to London to embody the agreement in a formal treaty. Meanwhile, Mr. Molotov had been invited by President Roosevelt to visit him in Washington. Arrangements were made accordingly for the Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs to come to London, and then go on to the United States. He arrived in London on May 21.

Few secrets—and never, perhaps, one of such momentous import—have been better kept. It was on the morning of May 20 that Mr. Molotov descended from a giant Russian aircraft which came to land at an aerodrome somewhere in Northern Britain; accompanying him were Mr. Sobolov, Secretary-General of the Peoples' Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, Lt.-Gen. Shelovski, Maj.-Gen. Issayev, and a large team of military and diplomatic advisers. Having divested himself of his heavy flying gear, Mr. Molotov chatted with Mr. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London, who was there to greet him, and inspected the guard of honour formed by the R.A.F. and a famous regiment drawn up on the aerodrome. Shortly afterwards he and his party entered a special train and sped on their way south. The train stopped at a London suburban station, where Mr. Molotov was greeted on the platform by Mr. Eden, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Home Office, and General Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Then he was whirled away by car to Chequers, the Premier's official residence in the country, which Mr. Churchill had placed at his disposal.

Negotiations began next morning in the Cabinet Room at 10, Downing Street, with Mr. Churchill in the chair. After an exchange of compliments the conference got straight down to business.

During the following days six other meetings were held, most of them in Mr. Eden's room at the Foreign Office, with Mr. Pavlov and Brigadier Firebrace acting as interpreters. Each day Mr. Molotov came up from Chequers; each night he returned to the Buckinghamshire seat. Little progress was made, until there came an evening when Mr. Molotov had a long talk "somewhere in the country" (presumably at Chequers) with Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill. Mr. Maisky acted as interpreter, and the discussion continued into the small hours. At this meeting Churchill and Molotov really got together, and learnt to appreciate and understand one another. They covered the whole field of the war—in particular the questions of opening a second front on the Continent this year, and of supplies to the Soviet Union; and when they broke up the main lines of the treaty had been settled. The next day the British and Soviet delegations settled down to consideration of the terms in detail, and by the evening of Whit Monday (May 25) the final draft of the treaty had been drawn up and approved. The following day Moscow signified its approval, and at 5.30 on the afternoon of Whit Tuesday the treaty lay ready for signature on the table in Mr. Eden's room at the Foreign Office. On the British side sat Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair, while Mr. Molotov was accompanied by his own delegation and Mr. Maisky.

TREATY OF ALLIANCE

Part I. Art. I. In virtue of the alliance established between the United Kingdom and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the High Contracting Parties mutually undertake to afford one another military and other assistance and support of all kinds in the war against Germany and all those States which are associated with her in acts of aggression in Europe.

Art. II. . . . undertake not to enter into any negotiations with the Hitlerite Government or any other Government in Germany that does not clearly renounce all aggressive intentions, and not to negotiate or conclude except by mutual consent any armistice or peace treaty with Germany or any other State associated with her in acts of aggression in Europe.

Part II. Art. III. . . . declare their desire to unite with other like-minded States in adopting proposals for common action to preserve peace and resist aggression in the post-war period. Pending the adoption of such proposals, they will after the termination of hostilities take all the measures in their power to render impossible a repetition of aggression and violation of the peace by Germany or any of the States associated with her in acts of aggression in Europe.

Art. IV. Should one of the High Contracting Parties during the post-war period become involved in hostilities with Germany . . . the other High Contracting Party will at once give to the Contracting Party so involved in hostilities all the military and other support and assistance in his power . . .

Art. V. The High Contracting Parties . . . agree to work together in close and friendly collaboration after the re-establishment of peace for the organization of security and economic prosperity in Europe . . . and they will act in accordance with the two principles of not seeking territorial aggrandizement for themselves and of non-interference in the internal affairs of other States.

Art. VI. . . . agree to render one another all possible economic assistance after the war.

Art. VII. Each High Contracting Party undertakes not to conclude any alliance and not to take part in any coalition directed against the other High Contracting Party.

Art. VIII. The present treaty . . . comes into force immediately on the exchange of the instruments of ratification . . . Part I shall remain in force until the re-establishment of peace between the High Contracting Parties and Germany and the Powers associated with her in acts of aggression in Europe. Part II shall remain in force for a period of 20 years . . .

The only speeches were delivered by Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov. "We are met in a world at war," said Britain's Foreign Secretary, "when our two countries are together at grips with the common enemy. Under the impact of war we have found that understanding which escaped us in the uneasy years of peace. The treaty which we have just signed engages us to continue the struggle together until the victory be won." But, went on Mr. Eden, "One day the war will end. One day the common enemy will be defeated, and there will be peace again. We must see to it that this time peace endures. In the treaty which we have signed we pledge ourselves to work together for this purpose." Then Mr. Molotov. He described the treaty between the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain of alliance in the war against Hitlerite Germany and her accomplices in Europe, and of co-operation and mutual assistance after the war, as an important political landmark in the relations between Britain and the Soviet Union. The treaty was essential, not only to the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and Britain, but to those of other countries. "All peoples who have experienced the aggression of the German-Fascist Imperialists, or whose freedom and honour have been threatened, and may still be threatened, by the Hitlerite band of robbers, oppressors and ravishers—all these will express their satisfaction at the conclusion of this historic treaty."

Shortly after signing the treaty Mr. Molotov (who in the intervals of the discussions had been received in audience by the King, visited a fighter station in company with Mr. Churchill, and with Mr. Maisky as his guide inspected war damage in London) set off to Washington, where he arrived on May 29 and remained as the President's guest until June 4.

Conversations were carried out at the White House which resulted in the conclusion of the Lend-Lease Agreement between Russia and the U.S.A.; and "a full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." Returning from Washington Mr. Molotov stayed for another brief space in London, and then proceeded to Moscow.

Only when he had arrived back there, and only then, did security reasons permit the disclosure of his visits and their fruit. Mr. Eden's statement in the House of Commons was made, as we have seen, on June 11; and immediately afterwards an announcement was issued by the Foreign Office. This was interesting chiefly because of the statement, in almost the same words as that of the Washington announcement, that "full understanding was reached between the two parties with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942"; it also stated that discussions had taken place on the question of improving the supplies of aeroplanes, tanks, and other war material sent to Russia.

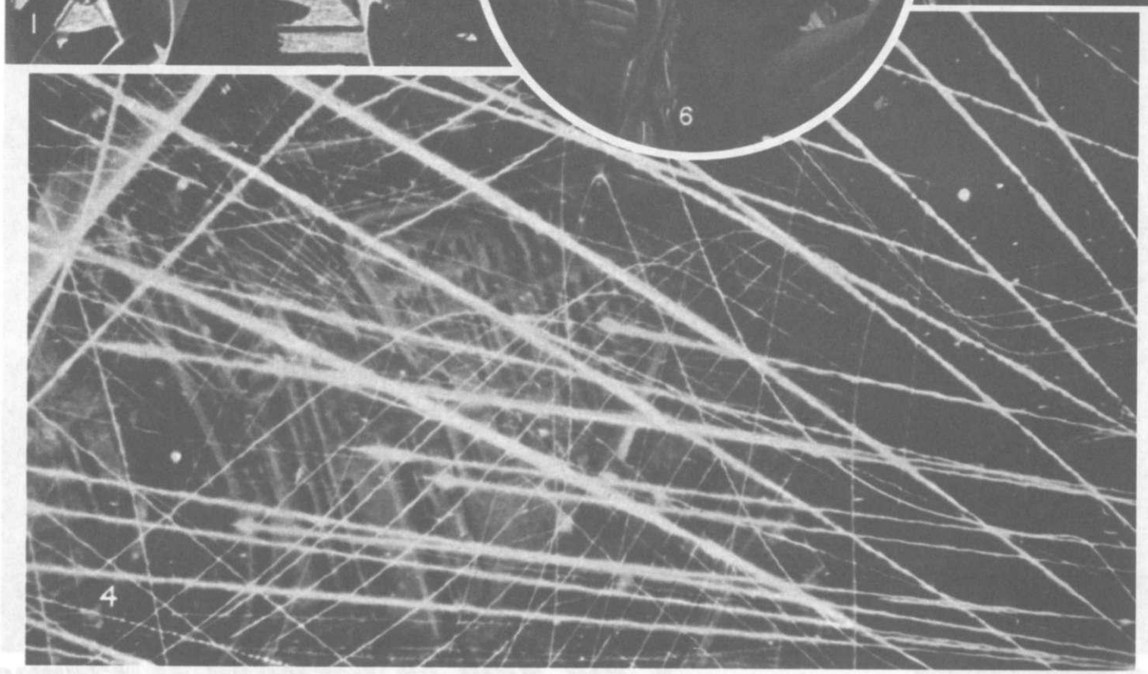
Throughout the world of the United Nations the conclusion of the Alliance was hailed with the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Stalin and Mr. Churchill exchanged congratulatory telegrams, and the King and President Kalinin most cordial greetings.

Speaking in the House of Commons after Mr. Eden, Mr. Lloyd George said that "had the treaty been a fact some years ago, many grave blunders in foreign policy would have been avoided. Not only that, this war could never have occurred."

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

A Big Raid on Germany Is Planned

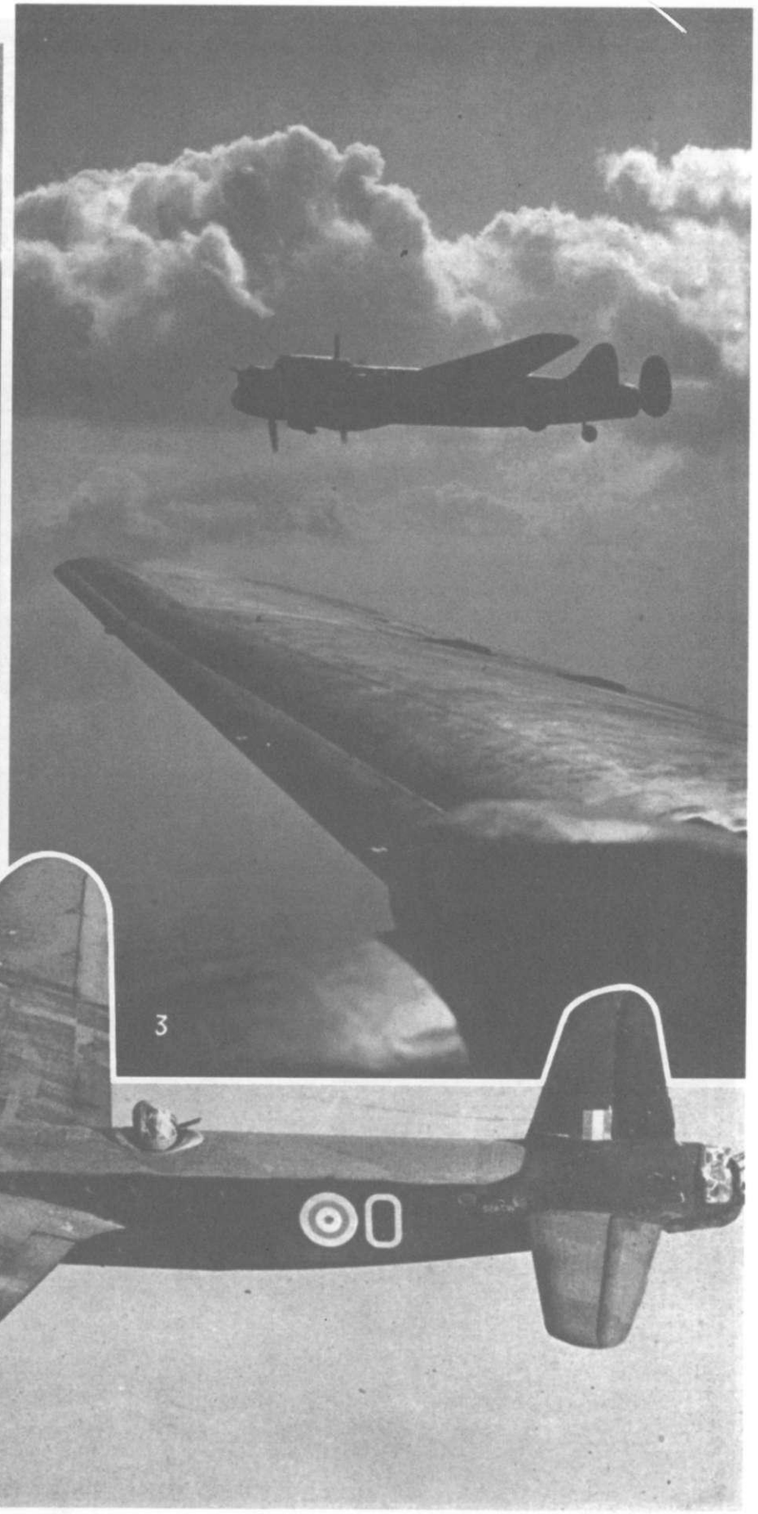
Here are the men entrusted with the greatest aerial offensive in history. They are Air Marshal A. Travers Harris, Chief of Bomber Command (seated) with his Chiefs of Staff, Air Vice-Marshal R. H. M. S. Saundby and (left) Air Vice-Marshal R. Graham. Top, the Station Commander with a Boston III crew discusses in the operations room the "target for tonight."



The Heavy Bombers Take-Off

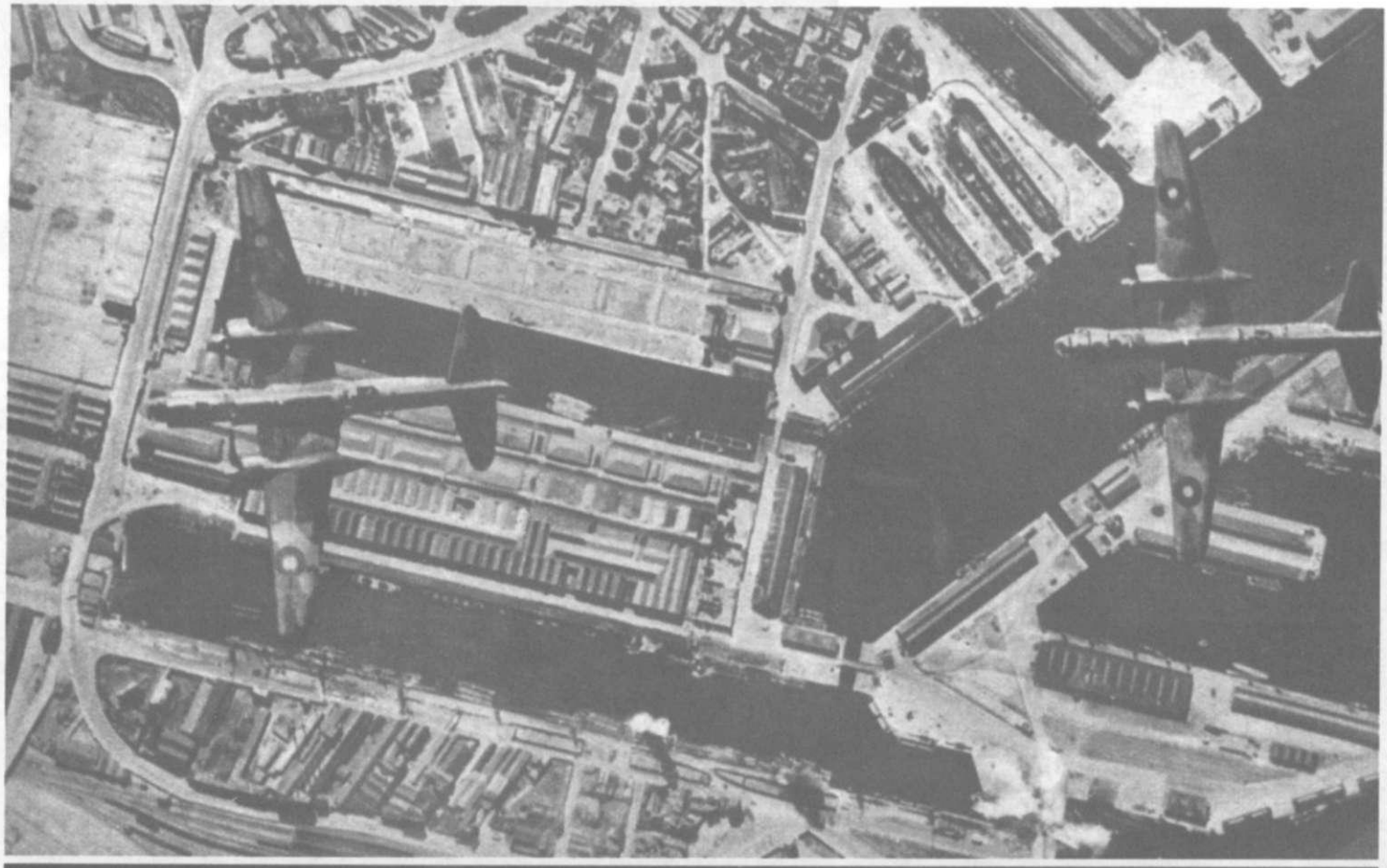
R.A.F. personnel having received their orders, big raid operations begin. (1) Armourers checking over the bombs before loading them into a Stirling. (2) Crew of one of the Wellingtons going aboard in the dusk. (3) A twin-engined Manchester setting forth for enemy territory. Many types of machines took part in the huge raid on Cologne on May 30.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Central Press, Planet News



Over the Target and Back Again

Nearing their objective, flak becomes increasingly furious, as may be seen in photograph (4). Nothing daunted, however, the Stirling has dropped its bombs and is returning to base (5). In photograph (6) are two of our many pilots who were once "so few." Their attitude has been summed up in the words "Brave yet cautious, cool yet daring."



The Raiders Report Success

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

In the upper photograph Boston bombers are seen over Le Havre docks during a daylight attack. Bombs are exploding across the dock gates while others have burst among the barges. Beneath, the Intelligence Officer is interrogating members of R.A.F. crews who have just returned from the raid. All facts are carefully recorded.

Tobruk Was Taken By Storm at Last

For 517 days—from January 21, 1941 to June 21, 1942—we held Tobruk. Then, what had been for so long "a thorn in the flesh of the German troops on the road to Egypt" was stormed by Rommel's army of Germans and Italians. Here then is the story, so far as it can be told at the moment, of yet another enemy triumph, as disastrous in its way and even more unexpected than the fall of Singapore earlier in the year.

"WELL, boys, it was not quite so bad this time. We've caught the Tommies at last." So Rommel was heard to remark to some of his men in a pause in the fighting within the perimeter of the fortress of Tobruk.

It was Saturday afternoon, June 20, and although the battle was to rage for hours more, Tobruk's fate was already sealed. Very likely its fate was sealed days before—on the previous Saturday when General Ritchie's tanks were caught in Rommel's ambush south of the Trigh Capuzzo between Knightsbridge and El Adem; that was indeed—so it would seem—a stricken field, one on which our armour was shattered beyond immediate repair. Following this defeat Gazala had to be evacuated; and soon afterwards Acroma and El Adem were also abandoned, since Rommel was now pushing on in overwhelming strength. Possibly on Thursday (June 18) and certainly by Friday night, Tobruk was isolated once more, and every hour that passed added to the force with which it was encompassed. Thousands of lorries were observed making their way up the coast road from Derna; arrived at the Axis by-pass, south of Tobruk, they unloaded at every key point more guns, more troops, more supplies. Late on the Friday night two German columns which Rommel had sent on reconnaissance towards the Egyptian frontier returned from the Bardia district to Sidi Rezegh, where their tanks were added to the great number already assembled. Meanwhile in Tobruk a mixed force of British, Indians, South Africans and their allies, supported by all too few tanks and guns, were striving to put the place into a fresh state of defence. They strove manfully, and soon the trenches and defence works, largely silted up with sand since Tobruk was left in a backwater last December, were manned by the men in khaki.

During twilight on the Friday evening Rommel brought up his troops to within easy striking distance. This, according to an account issued by the German News Agency, was his decisive masterstroke: "to install them in their new positions without giving them an hour's rest and send them in to attack Tobruk early next morning."

At 5.20 a.m. on June 20 the assault was launched. First there was a furious attack by fifty German and Italian dive-bombers on the first line of field fortifications; the air-cover of the defence was nil. While the bombs were still thundering down, shaking the earth for hundreds of yards, batteries concentrated on a gap only three miles wide in front of Ed Duda, facing the south-east corner of the Tobruk defences, put up a "veritable drum-roll of shelling against the front lines."

"As the range was lengthened," to continue our quotation from the German account, "our sappers rose from their quickly-dug ditches to clear up mines and cut wires in the forefield. Despite violent artillery and machine-gun fire, they advanced rapidly. Our tanks were faced with deep, cunningly excavated tank traps running the length of the defence line, presenting an obstacle difficult to overcome. Here the pioneers had to create a bridge for the tanks, and they went to work at three points at the same time. They pushed tank bridges, previously carefully assembled on wheels, into the ditches, and mounted them under the cover of the ditches themselves. The tanks could then go on and occupy the fortifications with their fire, while the columns were able to flow on undisturbed through the gap and deep into the inner fortification works."

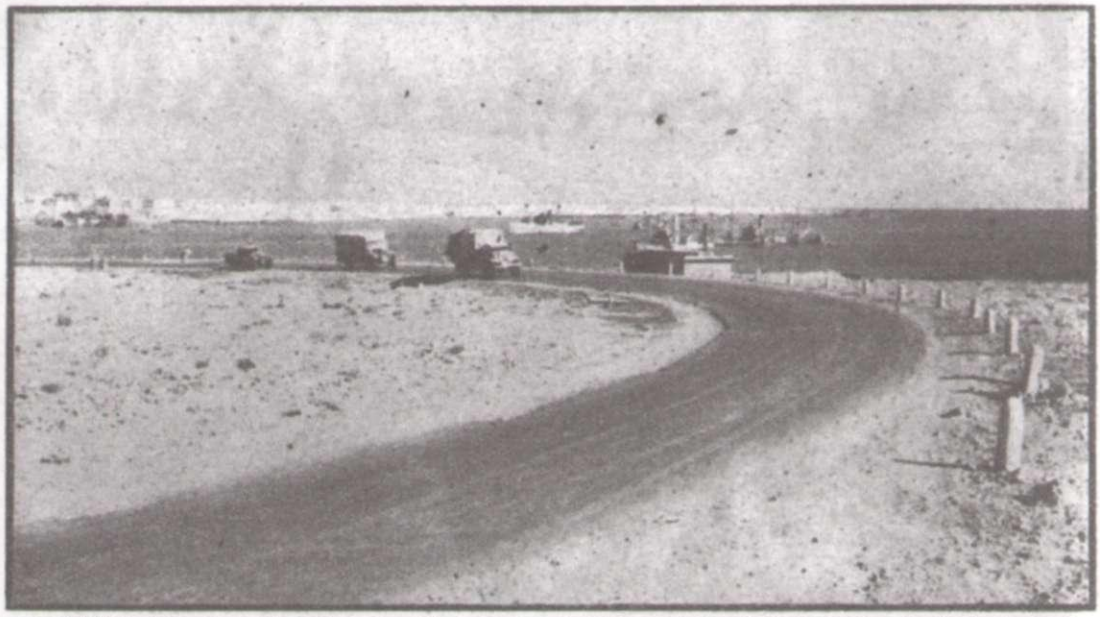
While the tanks spread out in fanwise fashion, lorry-borne infantry from the German 15th Armoured Division and the 90th Light Division, supported by the Italian Trieste and Ariete Divisions, followed close behind or were hurled in wave upon wave, completely regardless of casualties, on the defences to left and right of the gap.

One force of tanks, estimated to number between 30 and 40 (reported Richard MacMillan of the British United Press), was widening the gap in the south-east of the defences; another strong armoured force, strongly supported by infantry, dashed down the main El Adem-Tobruk road. The British Commander sent out two strong tank forces to meet them, but they encountered an uninterrupted hail of shells from every piece of artillery the Germans could drag on to the escarpment. One by one our tanks went up, and after five hours of bloody struggle the Axis tanks were in control of the highway. Then wheeling to the east, the Germans took in the rear those who were still resisting the thrust from the south-east; still bigger tank forces dashed against the British artillery and overran the divisional H.Q.; yet another group forced its way towards Tobruk.

It was at 9 a.m., according to the German account, that Rommel's infantry, tanks and artillery broke through the minefields into the inner ring.

"The British thundered at the narrow gap with numerous batteries without causing anything more than a temporary nuisance to the ever-rising tide of attack. Soldiers who had not slept for days drove the defenders of Tobruk before them. Whatever fortifications lay to the left and right of the gap were taken or forced to surrender. Rommel did not trouble himself with what was happening away from the gap. The batteries followed close on the guns and tanks; every ten minutes they changed their positions to shell the targets with unparalleled effectiveness. More and more of the enemy came towards us with their hands up. Tanks sent to attack us were shot up by our tanks and pressed back. Enemy batteries were quickly found and ground to dust. The number of blazing vehicles rose from minute to minute."

Riding at the head of the tempestuous advance in his light armoured car, Rommel reached the crossing of the El Adem-Tobruk road with the Via Balbia at 11.30 a.m. He was then already eight miles inside the perimeter. By 4.45 p.m. the main positions were completely in German hands, although some of the coastal guns were still firing, and heavy fighting was still going on near the town. During the night fuel dumps, fired by the defenders, went up in flames, and when Sunday dawned a thick pall of black smoke covered the harbour.



TOBRUK, looking across the harbour from the coastal road which runs to Gambut and Bardia. In the background are the white-walled houses of the town, and not far from the shore lies a half-submerged merchantman. As told in this page, the place was overrun by Rommel's forces in 26 hours. *Photo, British Official*

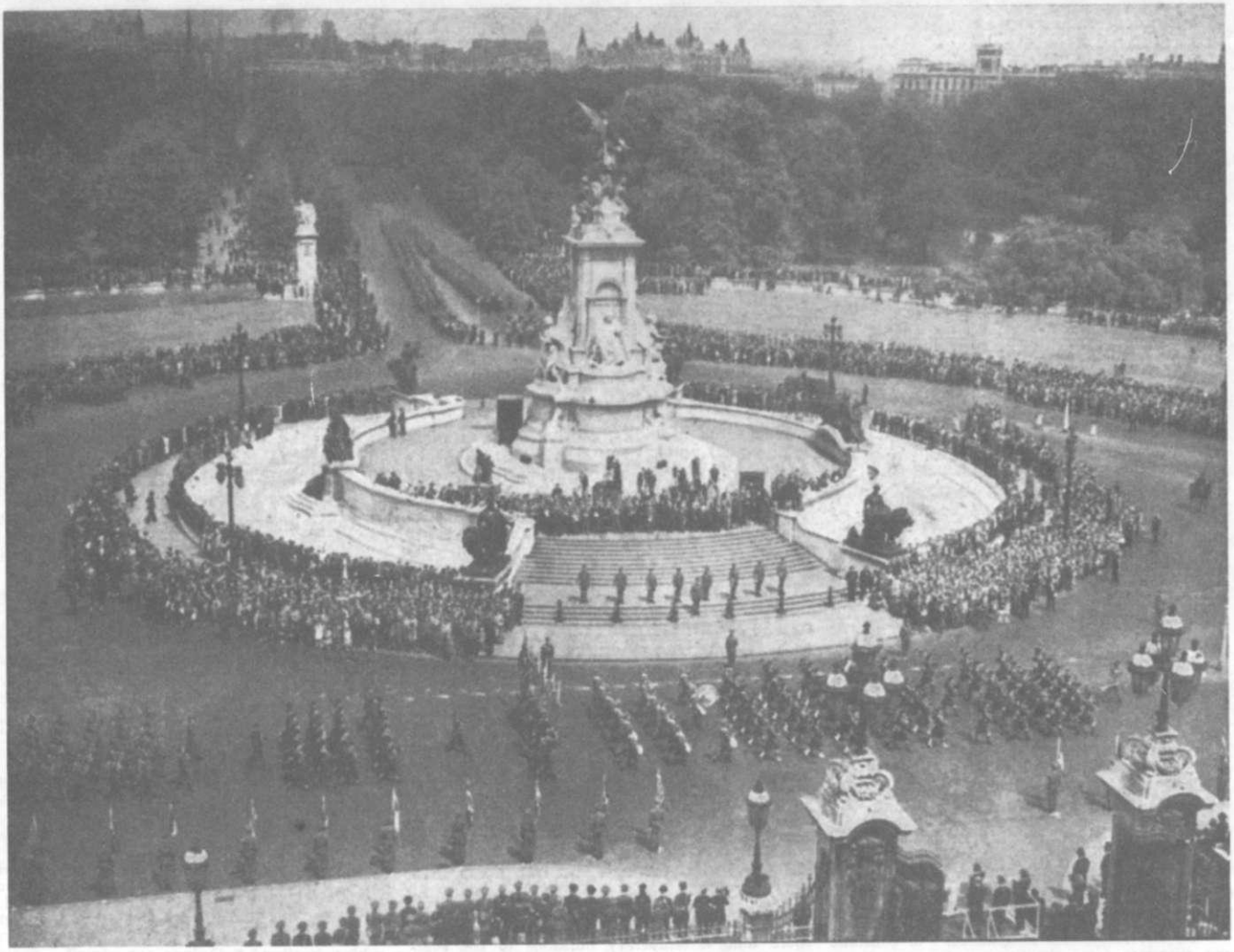
In the early morning of Sunday the garrison of Fort Pilastrino surrendered, but small fortifications in the outer ring continued fighting until the afternoon. In Tobruk itself the struggle continued, and up to late in the evening R.A.F. reconnaissance planes reported that fighting was still going on.

All through Saturday the General Officer Commanding the garrison had been in communication with Eighth Army H.Q., although he had to move his headquarters hourly from one place to another inside the perimeter. But after 7 o'clock on Sunday morning there were no more messages.

"At seven a.m. this morning," said a special announcement issued in Rome at 1.43 on Sunday afternoon, "a British officer presented himself at the command of our 21st Army Corps to offer in the name of the Commander the surrender of Tobruk fortress. Axis troops have occupied fortress, town, and harbour. 25,000 prisoners, including several Generals, have surrendered." The booty was stated to be considerable, and the capture of Bardia was also reported.

Not until 12.7 a.m. on June 22 was it officially confirmed in London that "Tobruk has fallen." A few hours later Hitler promoted Rommel to the rank of Field-Marshal.

United Nations Day in London and New York



THE KING AND QUEEN taking the salute on the occasion of the United Nations Day celebration on June 14. They are seen (close to the bottom edge of the photograph) on the platform facing the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. In the photograph (radioed from America—hence the slightly fuzzy appearance) at the top of the page a detachment of the Royal Navy is marching through Fifth Avenue in New York, as part of the programme of United Nations Day in the great American city. *Photos, Planet News, G.P.U.*

The Beat of Liberty in the Heart of England

FLAGS OF FREEDOM, representing twenty-five Allied Powers, in the Market Place, Aylesbury, during the celebration of United Nations Day on June 14. It was from Aylesbury, a typical English country town with associations with John Hampden, that the ceremony was broadcast. The American-born mayor, Mrs. Olive Paterson, read a Government message, while United States troops (on left) and units from other Allied forces paraded.

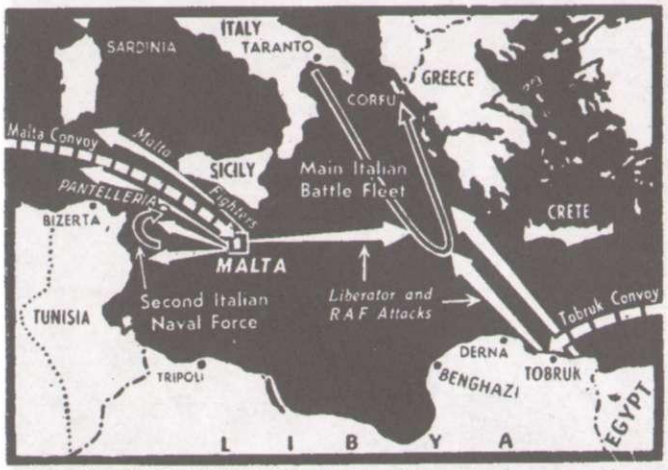
Photo, Wide World

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

ONCE more the importance of ample air support for naval forces operating in narrow waters has been emphasized. So far as can be gathered from the various accounts that have been published of last month's convoy action in the Mediterranean, surface forces did not come into contact except for a brief period. Most of the damage inflicted on the enemy was by air attack. For the first time in the Mediterranean American aircraft took part in the operations.

On this occasion, to give supplies a better chance of getting through, two strongly escorted convoys sailed simultaneously, one from Gibraltar under Vice-Admiral A. T. B. Curteis, the other from Alexandria under Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian. The latter force, having passed supplies into Tobruk, was steering a course towards Malta when air reconnaissance reported an Italian force, including two battleships of the Littorio class, four cruisers and eight destroyers, at sea south of Taranto. During the night of June 14 and next morning attacks were made by Allied aircraft, including bombers manned by American Army personnel and British torpedo planes. Several bomb hits were made on the two battleships, causing fires. A torpedo hit may also have been scored on one of them. A heavy cruiser of 10,000 tons, belonging to the Trento class, was set on fire by bombs and ultimately sunk by torpedo from one of our submarines. At least one smaller cruiser and a destroyer were also damaged. As a result the enemy altered course to the northward and retreated to the Taranto naval base.



CENTRAL MEDITERRANEAN, showing the scene of convoy actions just before the fall of Tobruk. Two convoys, one from Gibraltar and the other from Alexandria, reached Malta and Tobruk respectively. The battles, in which a 10,000-ton Italian cruiser and at least two destroyers were sunk, are indicated by arrows.

Courtesy of The Daily Mail

On the same morning another Italian force was driven off by British torpedo aircraft off the island of Pantelleria, between Sicily and Tunisia. It was composed, according to an Italian official statement, of the cruisers Eugenio di Savoia and Raimondo Montecuccoli, and the destroyers Ugolino Vivaldi, Lanzerotto Malocello, Ascari, Orione and Premuda, under the command of Rear-Admiral Alberto da Zara, aged 53. One of Admiral da Zara's cruisers was set on fire during the engagement, and a destroyer was almost certainly sunk.

Throughout the week-end, on June 13, 14 and 15, many bombing attacks were intercepted, heavy fighting taking place. On one occasion a raiding force of 40 Junkers 87s and Ju.88s, escorted by more than 20 Messerschmitt 109s, was intercepted. Undoubtedly considerable losses were inflicted on the Axis air forces in this action, 43 planes being certainly destroyed, and probably 50 per cent more. In attacks made on the eastern convoy the enemy lost at least 22 aircraft. (For a description of the air aspect of the battle *see* page 40).

It has been emphasized by the Admiralty that Axis claims to have sunk four British cruisers and to have damaged a battleship and an aircraft carrier are fantastic and without foundation.

Though the difficult operation of escorting convoys through the danger zone between Italy and Tunisia and Libya was not accomplished without loss, the object of delivering supplies to the garrisons of Malta and Tobruk was effected in spite of the enemy's efforts to intercept the convoys. Thus as much success as could be expected in such circumstances was gained by the Allied forces. Had the Italian squadrons stayed to fight it out, there is no doubt that the success would have been far more decisive; but for good reasons, based on sad experience in the past, the Italian Navy never risks encountering our fleet at sea if it can avoid it.

In all, the British losses amounted to one cruiser, four destroyers and two smaller vessels, besides 30 aircraft. At the lowest estimate, the enemy lost a heavy cruiser, two destroyers, a submarine and 65 aircraft, besides having one of their best battleships torpedoed and put out of action.

There are five Italian battleships in service. Two are modern ships of 35,000 tons, the Littorio and Vittorio Veneto; and the other three are rebuilt ships of 23,622 tons, the Giulio Cesare, Andrea Doria, and Caio Duilio. A sixth ship, belonging to the latter type, was the Conte di Cavour, reduced to a wreck by the British torpedo attack from the air at Taranto in November 1940; she is not believed to be fit for further service.

ON June 12 the United States Navy Department revealed details of the operations in the Coral Sea during the first week in May, which for reasons of security could not be published earlier.

Though surface forces were never in contact, it is considered that the Japanese lost 15 warships, all from air attack. The United States force, which was under the command of Rear-Admiral Frank J. Fletcher, lost only three. The action began with an air attack on Japanese ships in the vicinity of Tulagi, in the Solomon Islands. In this affair 12 Japanese ships were sunk or badly damaged, and six aircraft destroyed. The Americans lost three planes. On May 7 an attack was made on the main enemy force in the Louisiade Islands, resulting in the sinking of the new 20,000-ton Japanese aircraft-carrier Ryukaku, which received ten torpedo and 15 bomb hits. Caught just as she was turning into the wind to launch her aircraft, she took most of them to the bottom with her. A heavy cruiser was also sunk.

Admiral C. W. NIMITZ, C.-in-C. of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, right, on the occasion of a visit to Midway Island. With him is Commander C. T. Simard, commanding the Naval Air Station on the island. *Photo, Associated Press*

Counter-attacks by enemy aircraft were beaten off, more than 25 Japanese aircraft being brought down as compared with six American. In the afternoon, however, the enemy located the U.S. naval oiler Neosho and an escorting destroyer, the Sims, of 1,570 tons, sinking the latter and so badly damaging the former that she foundered some days later.

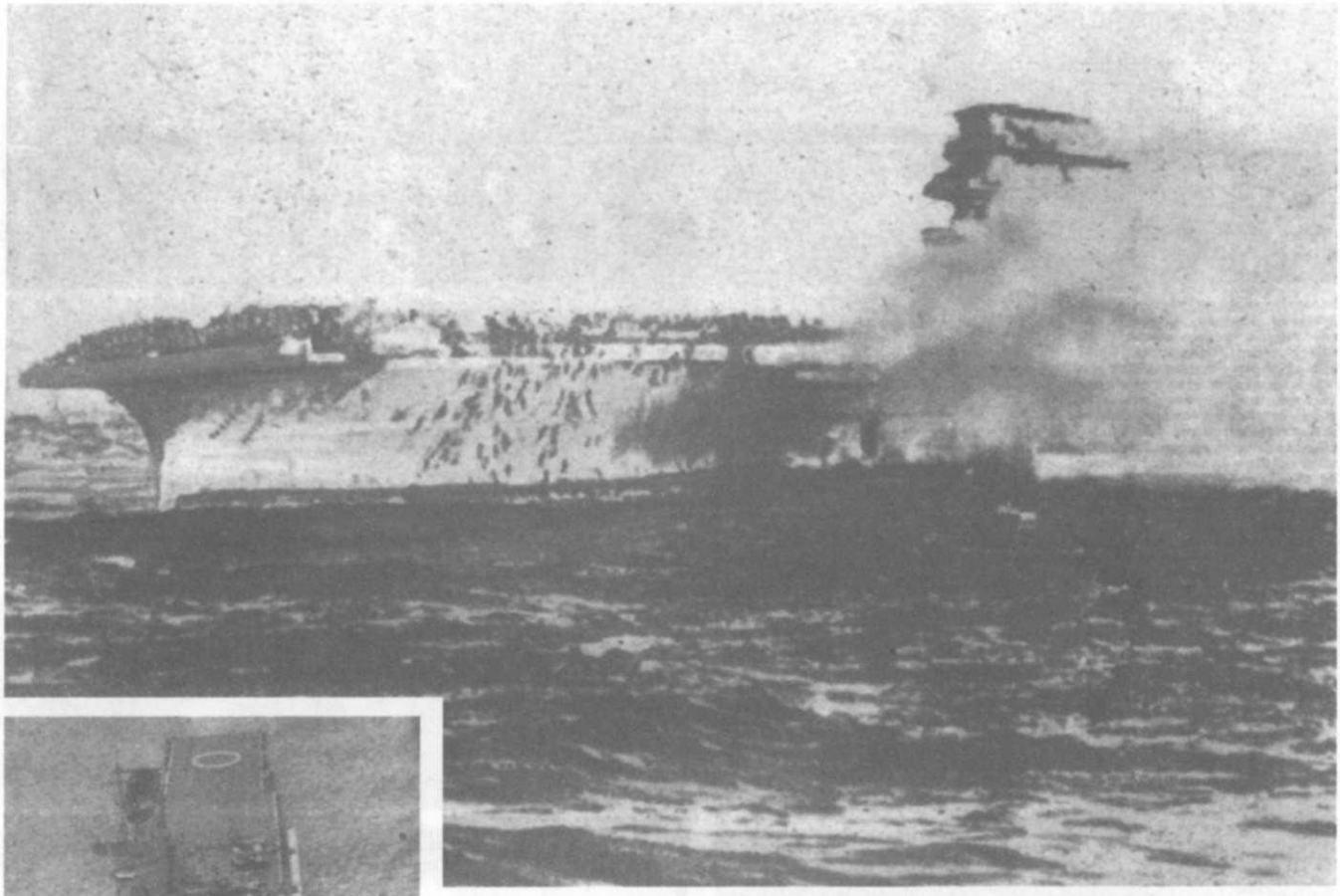
On May 8 a further attack was made on the Japanese force, a second 20,000-ton aircraft-carrier, the Syokaku, being bombed and torpedoed. When last seen she was badly on fire. A counter-attack was concentrated on the U.S. aircraft-carrier Lexington, of 33,000 tons, which was hit by two torpedoes and two bombs, this being the last incident of the action. Though the fires raging in the Lexington were extinguished, and she was able to proceed at a speed of 20 knots, a tremendous internal explosion occurred several hours later, due to ignition of petrol vapour from leaks caused by the torpedo damage. After five hours of vain endeavour she had to be abandoned, blew up and sank.

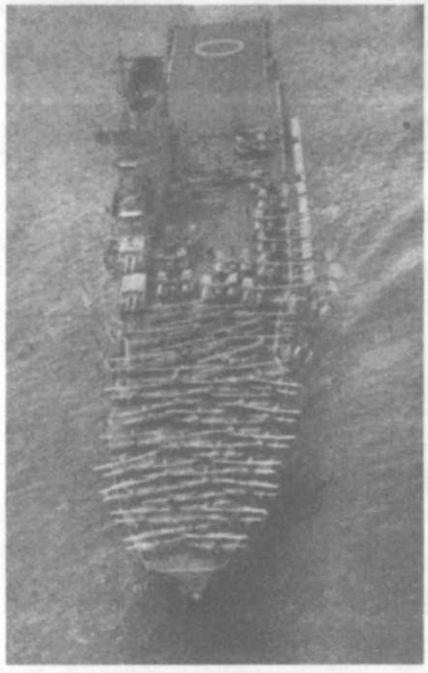
IN the action off Midway Island between June 4 and 7 aircraft-carriers again played the principal part, though the surface ships do not appear to have come within 100 miles of each other. Full details have yet to be published, but Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet, considers that two Japanese aircraft-carriers, identified unofficially as the Akagi and Kaga, each of 26,900 tons, were sunk, as well as a destroyer. One or two more aircraft-carriers, three battleships and four cruisers received damage of a more or less extensive nature. (*See* page 61).

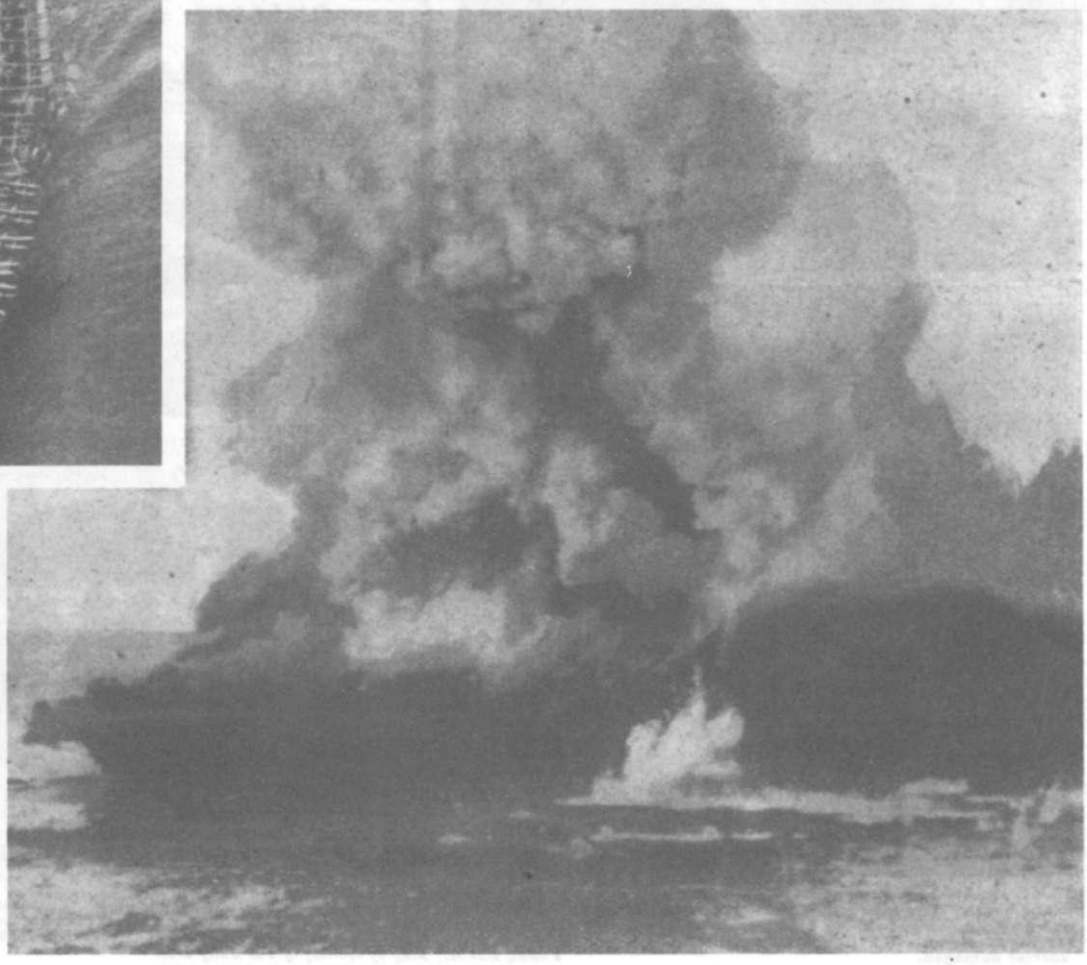
On this occasion the only American warship lost was a destroyer, torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. Some damage was sustained by a U.S. aircraft-carrier. Apparently the enemy casualties were mainly due to air attack, though the destruction of one of the aircraft-carriers was caused by three torpedoes from an American submarine.

Following on the Coral Sea losses, this Japanese defeat off Midway seems likely to be the turning-point of the naval war in the Pacific. In tonnage the Japanese fleet has lost about 45 per cent of its aircraft-carriers, a type of war vessel of which the importance can hardly be exaggerated.

'Abandon Ship!' Last Minutes of the Lexington



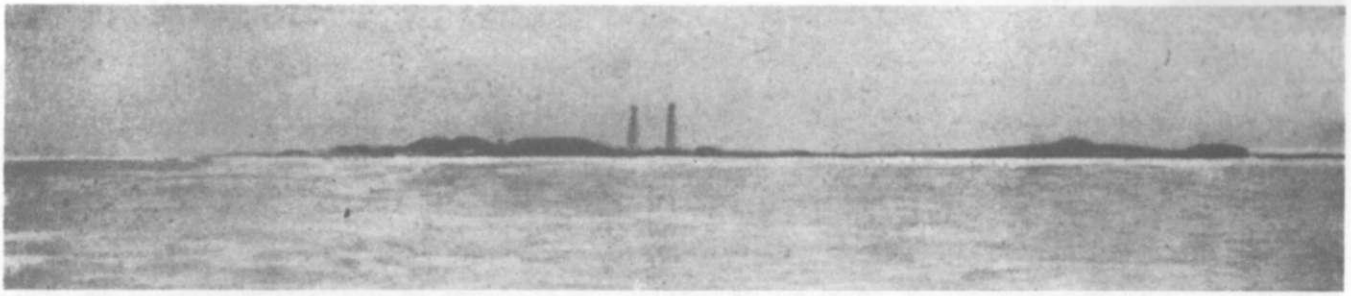




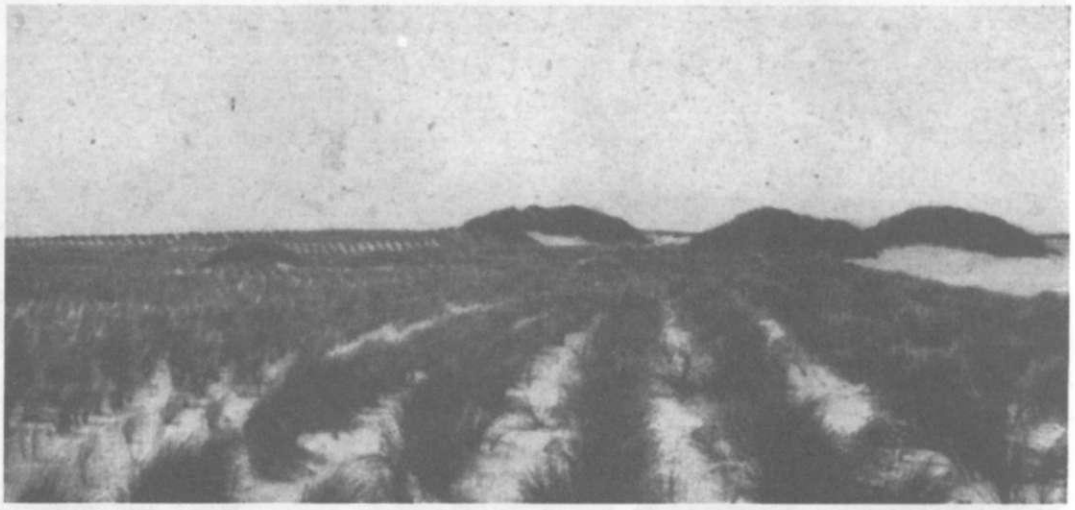
U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER LEXINGTON, 33,000 tons, just before she blew up on May 8 in the course of the battle of the Coral Sea. Her crew, being unable to put out the fires, are leaping into the sea to be rescued by destroyers. On the right is another photograph of the Lexington, her entire length ablaze, and in the smaller illustration is a view of the carrier with aircraft aboard during pre-war manoeuvres off the Virginia Cape. The Lexington was hit by two Japanese torpedoes and at least two bombs. She caught fire, and although the crew worked heroically for more than five hours to put out the flames it was impossible to save her. Captain F. C. Sherman gave orders to abandon ship, and 92 per cent of the Lexington's company were rescued before she sank.

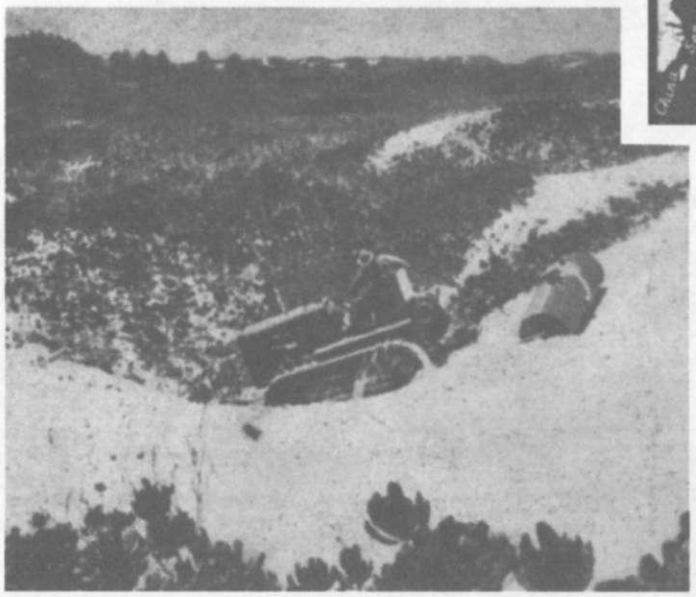
Photos, Planet News, Wide World

Midway Was a Victory for the United States



Most important of the three Midway Islands, situated in the Pacific Ocean about 2,800 miles from Tokyo, is Sand Island above; on the right is a close-up of the island showing rows of tough grass planted as a barricade against the ceaseless drift of sand. Beneath, the landing stage at Midway, with a pan-American clipper in the lagoon. The battle of the Midway Islands, on June 7 proved a heavy defeat for the Japanese navy. The United States Navy spokesman revealed at Honolulu on June 12 that probably four Japanese aircraft-carriers, including two of the heaviest type, were destroyed in this action, and that many other vessels, including three battleships, were damaged.





SAND ISLAND: a caterpillar-tractor preparing land for the building of a seaplane base (left). Right, baby albatrosses, or goonies, on a Midway Island beach. The map indicates the position of Midway, relatively to Tokyo, San Francisco and Dutch Harbour in the Aleutians. Japanese forces operating in the last-named area were also heavily hit by American torpedo bombers, a cruiser being reported to have been sunk and an aircraft-carrier damaged.

Photos, E.N.A.; Map by courtesy of The Daily Mail

Dutch Harbour: War at the 'Top of the World'

While the tempo of the war in the more southern regions of the Pacific seemed to slacken somewhat, there were reports of Japanese activity in the far north, in the Aleutian Islands, which might presage a move either against Alaska and the North American mainland, or against Siberia in Soviet Asia. Some account of this new " top of the world " war area follows.

DUTCH HARBOUR bombed by the Japanese! How many people when they read the American Navy Department's announcement on June 4 were able to put their finger on the spot which marks Dutch Harbour on the map? At once, or at last, they found it—in the Aleutian Islands, that long chain of dots that joins America and Asia not so very far south of the Arctic Circle (*see* map opposite). If the atlas were an old one they would probably not find it at all, and only those with a globe could appreciate the full significance of the news. For a globe makes it plain that the shortest distance from North America to Eastern Asia—Japan in particular—runs through or near those same islands. That is the " top of the world " route, where the trail was first blazed by Soviet flyers in 1937.

Strung out like a chain between the two great land masses, the Aleutians cover a distance of some 1,200 miles from end to end. There are 150 of them, but most are small and very few are inhabited—which is not surprising since they are hardly pleasant places in which to live. Fogs are almost perpetual, for it is here that the comparatively warm ocean breezes make contact with the bitter blasts from the Arctic. The rainfall is very heavy; the winters are long and often severe, while the summers are short and never more than cool. Hardly a tree is to be seen on any of the islands, although between May and September the ground is covered with rich grass, thickly sown with flowers. A continuation of the mountains in Alaska, the islands are themselves the summits of a chain of volcanoes; and there are numerous cones which are still active. The coasts are rocky and dangerous to approach, and from the shore the land rises immediately to steep and rugged mountains.

In this inhospitable region the human family is represented by the Aleuts, a branch of the Eskimo stock, and as such resembling the Eskimos in features, in language, and in culture. Years ago, before the Aleutians became part of the Russian Empire, there were said to be 25,000 Aleuts on the archipelago, but ere long they were almost wiped out by the barbarities of the white traders, who went to the islands to secure the furs of the seal and sea otter and the blue and Arctic fox. Twenty years ago the population was given as 1,080, and the natives are probably not much more numerous today. But in addition to the natives the Aleutians possess a large population drawn from the armed forces of the U.S.A. For the islands are now American, and though their economic importance is of small account, in the strategy of the Pacific they have a great and growing place.

Politically, the Aleutians form part of the Territory of Alaska, one of the components of the U.S.A. Until 1867 Alaska belonged to Russia, but in that year all the Tsar's possessions in America were sold to the United States. The price paid was $7,200,000, and Mr. Secretary Seward, who negotiated the purchase, was scoffed at by his countrymen for having made what they regarded as a very poor bargain. For years Alaska was called " Seward's folly " and a " giant ice-box "; and it was not until the eighteen-nineties, when Seward had been dead for twenty years, that his foresight was vindicated. Then the discovery of gold put Alaska on the map, and to gold there were soon added copper and silver, coal and timber and enormously rich fisheries. Alaska, which in size is equal to one-fifth of the continental U.S.A., is indeed one great treasure-house of economic resources which still await full exploitation.

But the Aleutians are not among Nature's favourites; climate and soil and configuration all conspire against any agricultural, industrial or commercial development on a large scale. The natives have always lived by fishing and hunting, supplemented by basket-making on the part of the women; their agriculture is represented by little more than some not very productive vegetable plots. The Americans are there for other purposes; it is war, and the preparations for war, that have led to their immigration.

Most important of their settlements is Dutch Harbour on the island of Unalaska, one of the largest in the chain. Here there is a first-class harbour, two miles long and half a mile wide, which, moreover, has the great advantage of being ice-free all the year round. At Dutch Harbour the Americans have constructed a base for their naval, army and air forces; fringing the shore are great oil tanks, huge depots of military stores, a radio station and a shipyard, where (so it is rumoured) submarines are being constructed. There are aerodromes, too, and aircraft factories and repair shops.

It was only about a year ago, soon after the Germans had invaded Russia, that Col. Knox, U.S. Navy Secretary, announced that Dutch Harbour was to be developed as an American base. The decision was soon acted upon.

" Into Dutch Harbour and Unalaska," Alec Hunter wrote recently in the News Chronicle, " roared construction crews—about 2,000 husky, hard-bitten, hard-living engineers, industry's soldiers of fortune. Already there was an unspecified number of Army and Navy men to man the base. These descended on what was originally a quiet herring-fishing village with a native population of 300 Aleut Indians. Saturday nights in Unalaska were tough. There are six liquor stores, one saloon—Black Floyd's Unalaska Cocktail Bar. It is, in spite of everything, orderly. The military police and the U.S. deputy marshal see to that."

From Dutch Harbour to Tokyo is 2,850 miles, and to the Japanese naval base of Paramushiro some 1,600 miles (Paramushiro is in the Japanese Kurile Islands, just south of the Russian peninsula of Kamchatka). Aircraft-carriers based on Dutch Harbour might well then threaten Tokyo. No wonder the Japanese Admiral Matsuaga declared a few months ago " that as soon as the Arctic fog had lifted " the Japanese air force would make Dutch Harbour one of its objectives.

That promise was carried out (as we have seen) on June 3, when Dutch Harbour was twice attacked by Japanese planes. A week later Imperial Japanese Headquarters in Tokyo issued a communiqué stating that " Japanese naval units operating in the Eastern Pacific carried out a surprise attack on Dutch Harbour, Alaska, as well as on the entire Aleutian Island group, and continued raids on enemy positions there on June 4 and 5." After a reference to fierce attacks made on Midway Island, the communiqué went on to claim that on June 7 Japanese naval units in close cooperation with the military " reduced a number of enemy positions in the Aleutian Islands, and are now continuing operations there."

To some extent these claims were confirmed by the U.S. Navy Department: there had been landings by the enemy at Attu, most westerly of the islands, it was announced, and at Kiska in the Rat group. Attu—800 miles from the northern islands of Japan and a little more from Dutch Harbour—is a desolate spot of very, doubtful military value; as often as not it is buried in fog or swept by storms, and its only inhabitants are reported to be about a hundred primitive Aleuts, a half-breed trader, and an employee of the Weather Bureau and his school-teacher wife.

Much more important is Kiska, which is stated to have one of the best harbours in the Aleutian group. Though it is still undeveloped, this harbour might be of considerable use to the Japanese fleet and air force. From its aerodrome, which is stated to have run-ways long enough to allow four-engine bombers to take off, Japanese aircraft could operate against Dutch Harbour, which, as stated above, is only some 800 miles to the east. Kiska is also 800 miles from the Russian base of Petropavlovsk in Kamchatka—a fact which might well be of considerable importance in the event of Soviet Russia coming into the war.

Following the announcement of the Japanese landings there was little fresh news from the Aleutian front. The U.S. Navy Department revealed that air attacks against the Japanese forces were continuing. " The foul weather and fog characteristic of this locality at all seasons are hampering our reconnaissance and attack operations, but reports to date indicate that at least three cruisers, one destroyer, one gunboat and one transport have been damaged, some severely." Then the operations were blanketed again in fog as thick as that which for six days out of seven shrouds the Aleutians.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

THE JAPANESE OCTOPUS. In this ingenious conception of the war in the Far East Japan is represented as an octopus, with far-reaching tentacles stretched out towards Australia, New Zealand, Midway, Alaska, China and India. Had the United Nations the appropriate strategy, and the weapons essential to that strategy, the direct way of destroying Japan's power would be to strike at Japan herself and thereby stop the heart of this " sprawling beast." In that event the tentacles would fall limp and release their grip from territories now in Japanese possession. Though a super-plane attack in force is impracticable at present, we may well see in time a fleet of giant bombers of the Douglas B-19 and Glenn Martin flying-boat size which might attack Japan direct across the 3,100 miles from Alaska to Tokyo.

Illustration from Victory Through Air Power, by Major de Seversky. By permission of Hutchinson & Co.; Copyright, Pinker, Ltd.

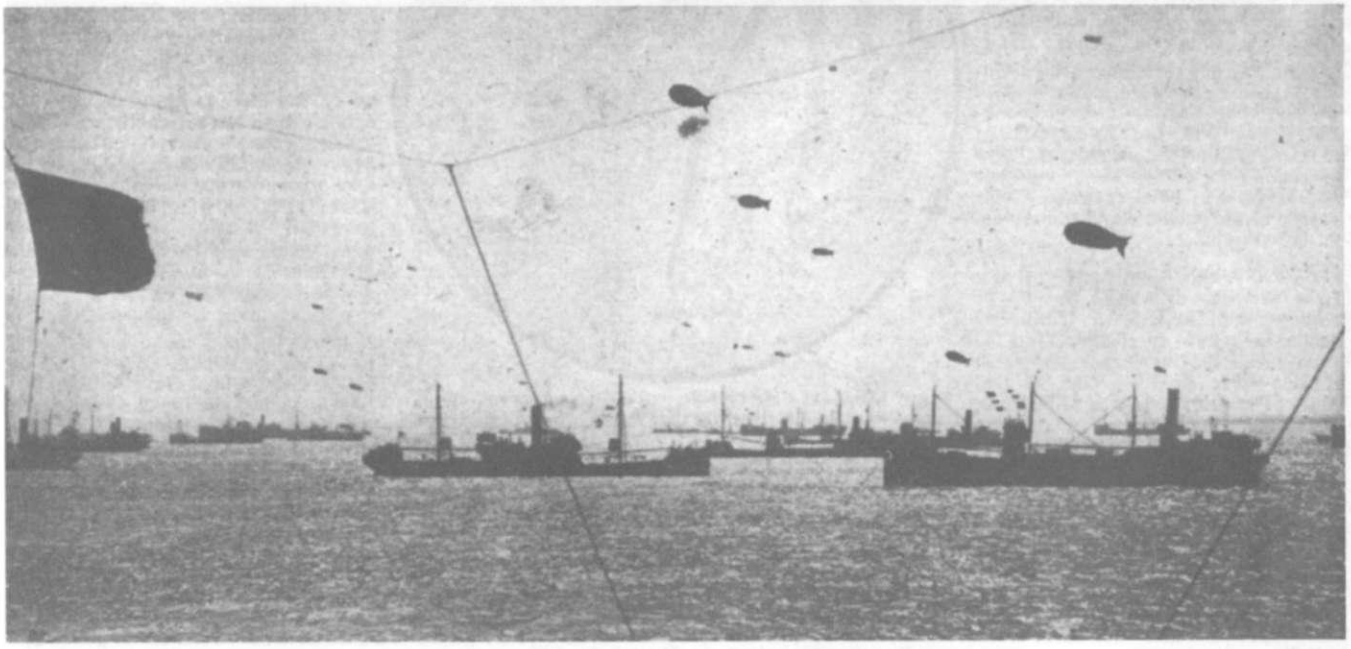
Men of the Sea, They're Planning the Next Convoy

TYPICAL CONVOY CAPTAINS, Messrs. Brown of Glasgow, F. W. Faviant of Gravesend and L. A. Shuttleworth of Sunderland, exchanging experiences before attending a conference to settle the procedure to be adopted on the next voyage.

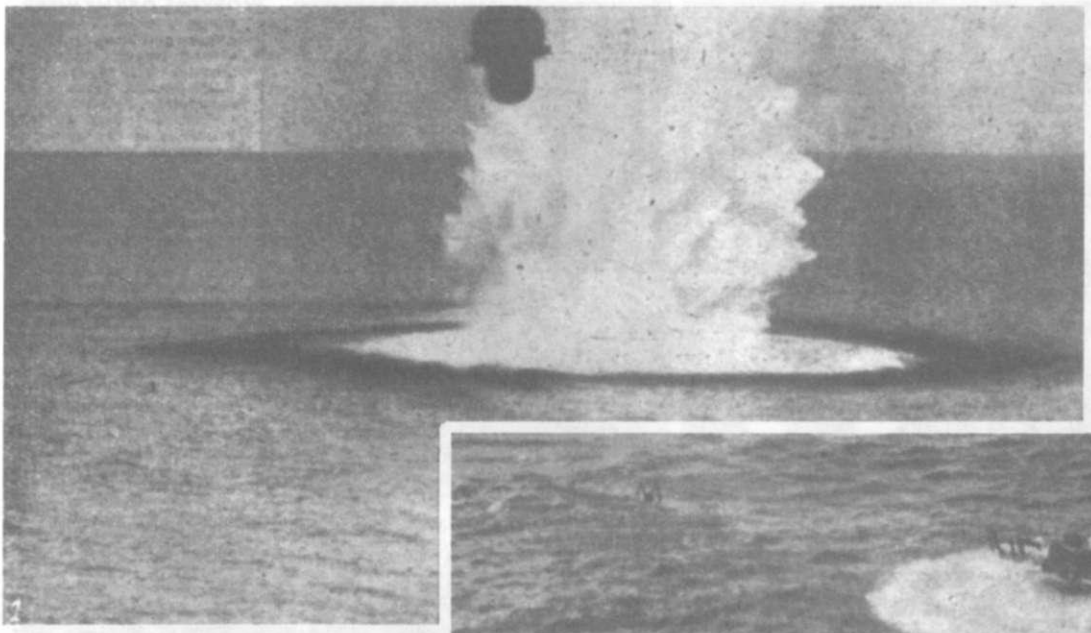
Captain McInnes (above) hails from Glasgow, and that rugged Scots face, inscribed with a grim humour, is known in many a port. To bring home the goods he is obviously ready to defy all the U-boats in the world. Left, the Convoy "Brains Trust," who are in charge of the Trade Division at the Admiralty. Here are some of the men who plan the struggle upon which all battles depend—the fight to keep the seas open. They are, left to right, Captain Bittleston, Commander Morey, Vice-Admiral King, Commander Leggatt and Captain Schofield.

Beneath, an outgoing convoy assembled at a selected rendezvous. Anchors have been dropped, and barrage balloons raised, while the masters of the vessels have gone ashore to receive final instructions.

Photos, G.P.U.

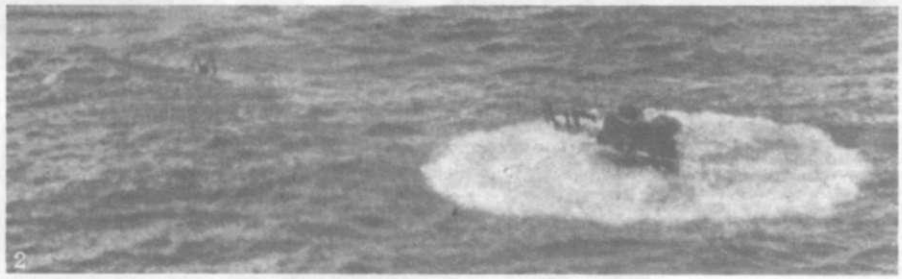


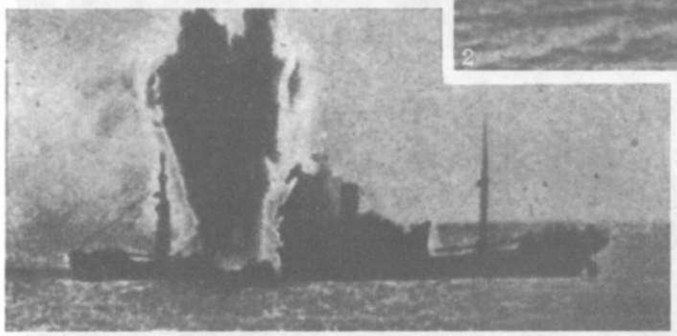
Our Submarines and Theirs: a 'Bag' of Exploits

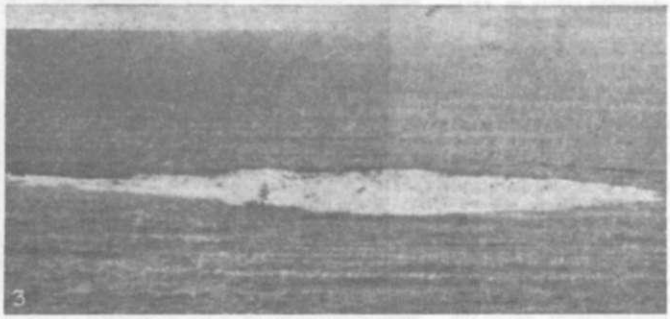


A U-boat has been sighted by a Whitley aircraft of the R.A.F. Coastal Command in the Bay of Biscay. In a few seconds the bomber is over the enemy and bombs have been accurately placed. As they explode a huge column of water ascends into the air, as seen in photograph No. 1. Two minutes later the conning-tower of the U-boat, forced to the surface by the explosion, appears, No. 2. In the third photograph a large patch of oil, nearly 200 yards in diameter, and air bubbles denote the complete destruction of the enemy submarine. So the ceaseless war against Hitler's sea-wolves continues.

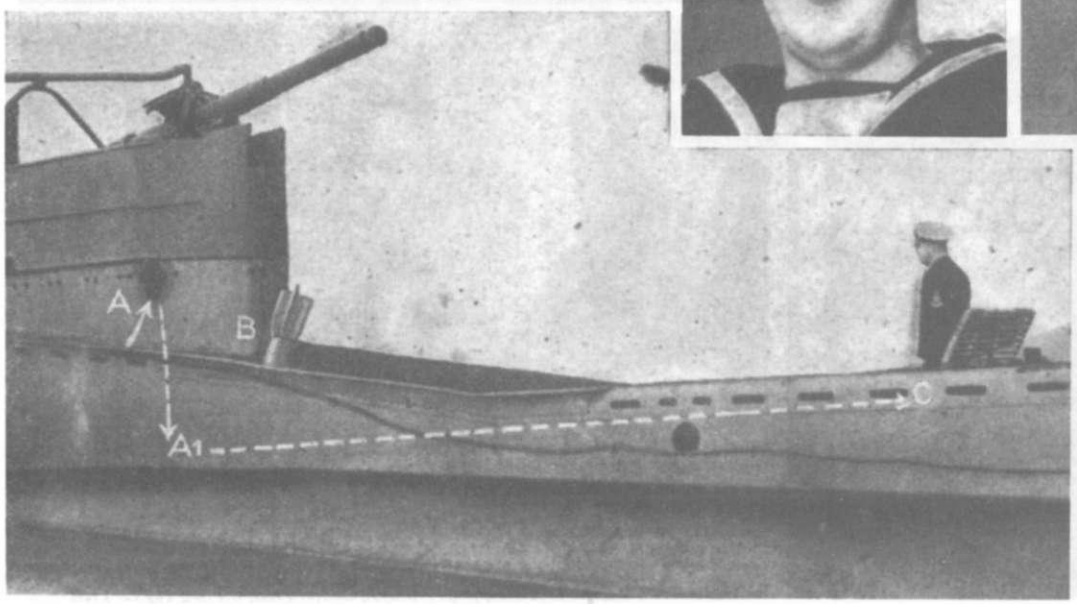
Photos, British Official; G.P.U., Lafayette







Emanating from Rome, these photographs (above) show an American merchantship going to her doom soon after she had been struck by an enemy torpedo. *Photos, Keystone*



One of the bravest deeds of the war was revealed when Lt. P. S. W. Roberts, R.N., and P.O. Thomas Gould (*right* and left, above) of H.M. submarine Thrasher, were awarded V.C.s. The Thrasher had sunk a supply ship on February 16. She survived a depth charge, but when she surfaced after dark two unexploded enemy bombs were discovered in her gun-casing. Lt. Roberts and P.O. Gould volunteered to remove them. They had to lie full-length to carry out their dangerous task. Having dealt with one bomb, they pushed the second for about twenty feet until it could be lowered over the side. The photograph shows A, where the first bomb penetrated, and, A1, where it was discovered (left). B indicates where second bomb was found, and C shows P. O. Gould in casing hatch through which the bomb was dragged.

Cheers and Smiles Caught By Our Camera

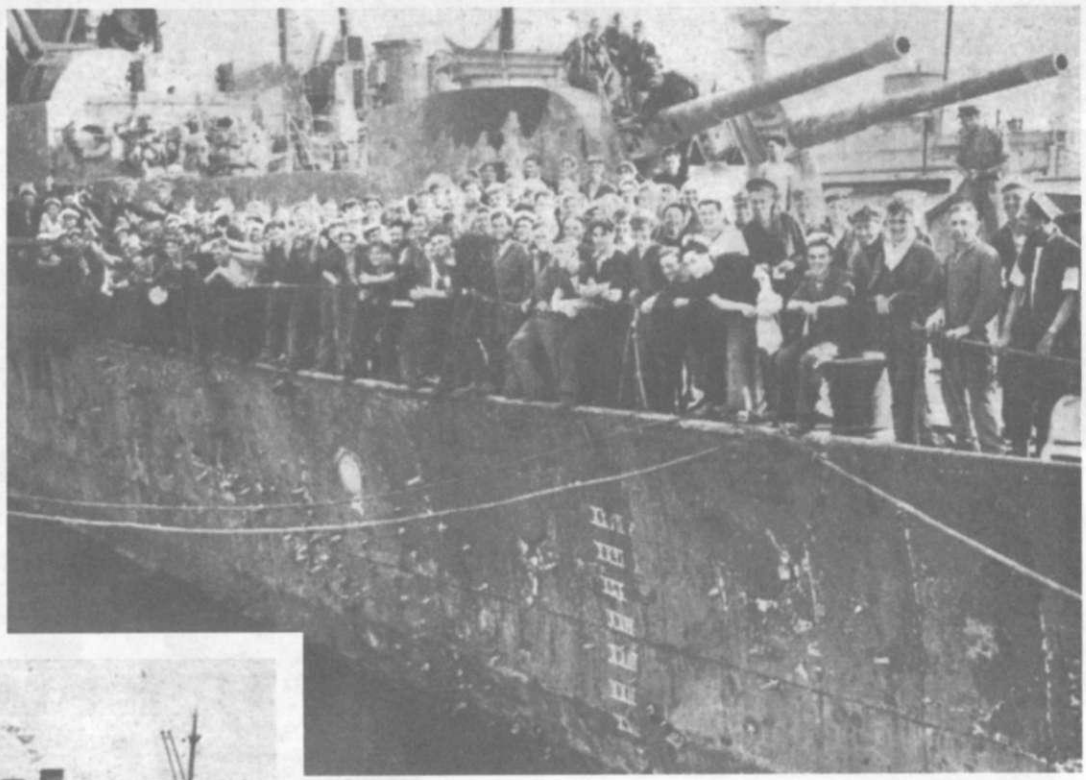
WORKERS OF THE WEEK, three women specially chosen and honourably mentioned by the Ministry of Supply. The first is Mrs. Edith Foster, "blue girl," or supervisor, in a Welsh royal ordnance factory. Mrs. Foster is in charge, under a foreman, of 14 machines.

Mrs. Alice Watts, mother of six children, who has registered 100 per cent attendance in a north-west ordnance factory. Also a blue girl, she is in charge of a number of girls filling shells, bombs and anti-tank mines. She has never missed a day's work. Two of her daughters are in the same factory.

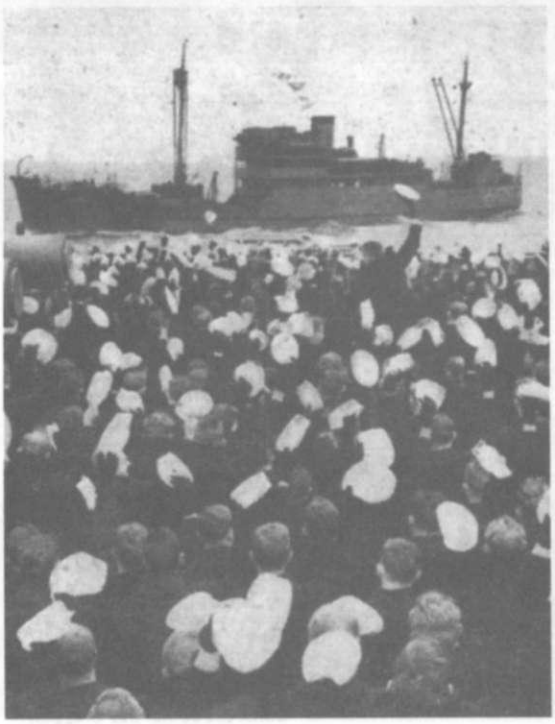
Mrs. Rose Jackman (right) bends copper pipes for Spitfires, doing it with her bare hands. "It's the knack of suddenly putting all your strength into your wrists that does it," says Rose.

H.M.S. PENELOPE, familiarly known as H.M.S. "Pepperpot," showing part of her splinter-riddled sides caulked with wooden pegs. The cruiser was continuously attacked for two weeks by Axis bombers while she was in Malta Harbour, but fought off the planes, put to sea and was brought safely to port.

(See also page 22)



Beneath : the ship's company of the U.S. flagship cheering King George on the occasion of his visit to the U.S. Navy with the Home Fleet. His Majesty is aboard the small auxiliary vessel, Morialta, thereby conferring a unique honour on the Merchant Navy by reviewing the Fleet from the bridge of a merchantman. The Morialta is flying the signal "Splice the Main brace," which means a double portion of rum for all wherewith to drink the King's health.



MINISTER OF FUEL, Major G. Lloyd George, appointed head of the new Government department to deal with the coal and fuel problem. The second portrait is of Group Capt. G. N. Ambler, who has been appointed Commandant of the Royal Observer Corps in succession to Air Commodore A. D. Warrington-Morris. Commodore Ambler joined the Auxiliary Air Force in 1931 and commanded Nos. 608 (North Riding) and 609 (West Riding) Squadrons. On right, Lord Swinton, who has been appointed Minister Resident with Cabinet rank in West Africa. Lord Swinton was Secretary of State for Air from 1935 to 1938.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; B.B.C., Central Press, G.P.U., Topical Press

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

'Give Me a Moonlight Night and My Hurricane!'

Destroying enemy bombers over the home bases is known as "intruding" to the night-fighters of the R.A.F. One of the most successful intruders, Squadron-Leader MacLachlan, gave some account of his nocturnal operations in a broadcast on May 18.

Most of us night fighters are too fond of our mornings in bed to go flying around in the daytime. Give me a moonlight night and my old Hurricane and you can have your Spitfires and dawn readiness. We've no formation flying to worry about, and no bombers to escort. In fact, nothing to do but amuse ourselves once we've crossed the French coast.

I must admit that those miles of Channel with only one engine bring mixed thoughts, and one can't help listening to every little beat of the old "Merlin" as the English coast disappears in the darkness. I always get a feeling of relief and excitement as I cross the French coast and turn on the reflector sight, knowing that anything I see then I can have a crack at. We have to keep our eyes skinned the whole time, and occasionally glance at the compass and clock.

As the minutes go by and we approach the Hun aerodrome we look eagerly for the flare paths. More often than not we are disappointed. The flare path is switched off as soon as we arrive and up come the searchlights and flak. But if you're lucky it's a piece of cake. The other night I saw the Jerries when I was still some distance away. They were flying round at about 2,000 feet. I chose the nearest and followed him round. He was battling along at about 200 miles an hour, but I soon caught him and got him beautifully lined up in my sights before letting him have it.

The effect of our four cannon is incredible after the eight machine-guns I had previously been used to. Scarcely had I pressed the button when a cluster of flashes appeared on the bomber and a spurt of dark red flame came from its starboard engine. The whole thing seemed to fold up then and fall out of the sky. I turned steeply to watch it crash, and as I did so I saw another Hun about a mile away, coming straight for me. In half a minute he was in my sights, and a second later his port petrol tank was blazing. I gave him another short burst for luck and then flew beside him. It was just like watching a film. A moment before he hit the ground I could see trees and houses lit up by the dark red glow from the burning machine. Suddenly there was a terrific sheet of flame, and little bits of burning Heinkel flew in all directions.

I flew straight back to the aerodrome to find another. Unfortunately, all the lights had been switched off, and though I circled for some time I found nothing. So I cracked off for home. I looked back once and could still see the two bombers burning in the distance, and a few searchlights trying vainly to find me.

Well, when your petrol and ammunition are nearly gone you are faced with the old Channel again. If you've got something, as I had that night, you leave enemy territory with a sort of guilty conscience—somehow you feel they've got it in for you and that everyone's going to shoot at you. It's a sort of nervous reaction, I suppose. The whole thing seems too easy to be true. Ten to one there's no Hun within shooting distance and the ground defences are quiet. That makes it all the worse, and I generally weave about till I'm half-way back across the Channel. Out over the Channel you can hear your ground station calling the other aircraft of the squadron and you count the minutes and look eagerly for the coast.

At last, in the distance, you see the flashing beacon and soon you are taxi-ing in to your dispersal point. I dread the look of disappointment on my mechanic's face if my guns are unfired. But if the rubber covers have been shot off I've scarcely time to stop my engine before I am surrounded by the boys asking what luck I've had. My whole squadron—both ground crews and pilots—are as keen as mustard, and I must say they've put up a terrific show. Since April 1 the squadron has destroyed eleven aircraft for certain and probably three more.

The lion's share of this total goes to my Czech Flight-Commander Kuttelwascher (*see* page 746, Vol. 5). He's a first-class pilot and has the most uncanny gift of knowing just which aerodrome the Huns are going back to. He'll look at the map and say, "I'll go there tonight!" possibly to some unobtrusive aerodrome. Sure enough, even if the others see no activity, he certainly will. One night we agreed to visit a certain aerodrome, but five minutes before we took off old Kuttel changed his mind and went to another. I got to my aerodrome to find it covered with fog, while he calmly knocked down three!

Now, finally, a word of tribute to our aircraft and those who make them. I fought with Hurricanes in the Battle of Britain, in Malta and in Libya, and they're still as good as ever. For the kind of night work on which we're engaged we couldn't wish for a more reliable and effective aircraft.

Sqdn.-Ldr. J. A. F. MacLACHLAN, D.F.C. and Bar, who describes a moonlight raid in this page, has an artificial arm, having lost the original limb in a fight over Malta. *Photo, British Official*

What the Americans Told Me About Midway

These first eye witness stories of the Japanese defeat in the sea and air battles off Midway Island on June 3 and 4 were told to Reuter's correspondent by American participants in the action.

It was on June 3 (said General Willis Hale, Commander of the U.S. Bombardment Command) that two Japanese fleets were first reported to be approaching Midway Island. One of the fleets, composed mainly of transports, was coming from the west. The other—the battle fleet—was coming from another direction. Orders were flashed to U.S. Army bombers lined up and waiting for just such an opportunity.

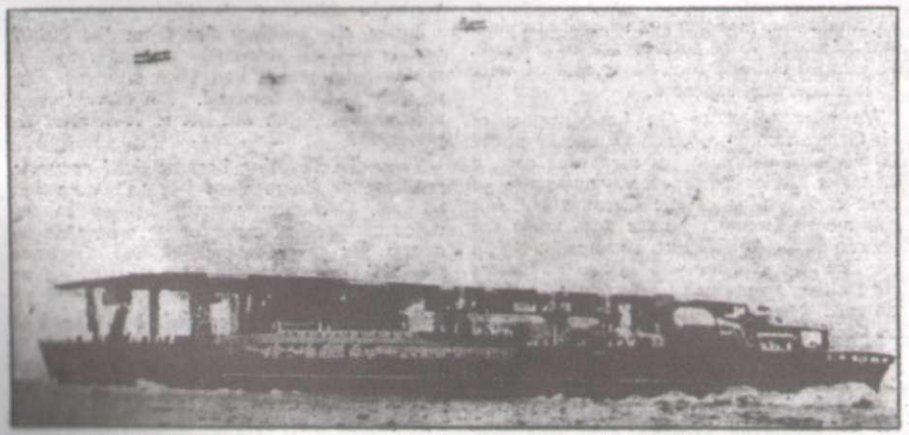
That afternoon the Army bombers made their first contact with the enemy far west of Midway. They sent their bomb loads screaming down from a medium altitude, damaging a cruiser or a battleship, one transport and a destroyer.

The Japanese air attack on Midway on the following day was anticipated. U.S. Army and Navy planes were in the air when the enemy arrived. Flying Fortresses were attacking the Japanese battle fleet from a high altitude. Colonel Walter Sweeney, who led the Fortresses, said:

"We first made contact with the enemy far out in the Pacific on the afternoon of June 3. There were over twenty ships in columns with the big ships in the centre. We circled westward and came in with the sun at our backs. When the Japs sighted us they immediately deployed, each ship turning individually and trying frantically to avoid attack. We were at medium altitude owing to the clouds, and we found the anti-aircraft fire more accurate than we had anticipated. We picked out the biggest ships as targets and laid our bombs in a pattern.

"At dawn the next day we hopped off for another attack on the same force, but soon got orders to attack another and larger force. We found them.

"There was a big battle line with destroyers outside them, cruisers, then battleships, and away at the back, carriers. The ships



KAGA CLASS Japanese aircraft-carrier, similar to those described in the eye witness story of the battle of Midway appearing in this page. Of the two ships of this class engaged in this naval action one is said to be a total loss. *Photo, Associated Press*

Shouting orders to the twenty-five-pounder guns from one of the fire-posts in the Western Desert. *Photos, British Official*

started frantic manoeuvres, but our pattern of bombs blanketed a carrier. A few Zeros who came up showed faint-heartedness.

"We returned to Midway, reloaded, and were over the enemy again at 4 p.m., when we found a carrier and a capital ship lying dead without headway and burning. We then got a heavy cruiser. High-level bombing is effective in attacks like these. Nothing can escape us since we can lay bombs in patterns which no ship can avoid."

Another vivid eye witness story of the sea and air battle was told me by Ensign Gay, 25-year-old torpedo-plane pilot. On June 4 he came upon three Japanese carriers with less than ten miles between the first and last, protected by a great screen of destroyers and cruisers. Two of the carriers were of the Kaga class—the only two known to exist of these massive 26,900-ton giants which carry 50 to 60 planes. One of the carriers was blazing fiercely as Gay arrived, and the other two were taking on their planes.

Gay launched a torpedo at a Kaga carrier before being shot down at 11 a.m.; his machine-gunner and wireless operator were killed, but he managed to "pancake" his plane on the sea and to extricate himself from the wreckage. He recovered a rubber life-raft, and from this he saw something of the terrific battle.

U.S. bombers screamed into action, hurling bomb after bomb at the vulnerable Japanese ships. Gay saw the other two carriers squarely hit. Tremendous fires burst from the vessels, and great billows of smoke churned up, with flames shooting out from the tips of the black columns. Every few minutes explosions inside the burning carriers sent new gushes of smoke belching upwards. One of the Kaga class ships was certainly a total loss, while the last he saw of the other carriers was as they were being pursued by U.S. forces.

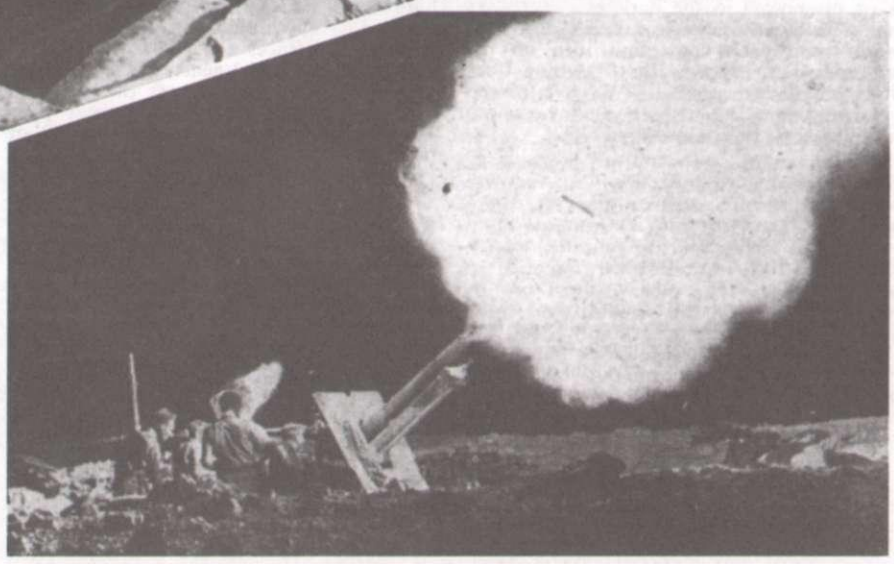
As the afternoon drew to a close the Japanese made frantic efforts to help the remaining giant carrier. A cruiser tried to come alongside, but seemed unable to get close enough, so she opened up with her big guns, presumably to scuttle her. Some time later a destroyer managed to get close enough to take off survivors still on board.

All this time Japanese planes were hovering in the air above, with nowhere to land but in the sea or on the blazing decks of their smashed carrier. They would pass over the carrier, soar out of sight, and then come back again in a sort of hopeless desperation. Night fell, and the stranded planes were swallowed up in darkness.

Crouched in his rubber boat, Gay saw great glowing patches in the sky which he guessed to be searchlights of Japanese rescue ships looking for survivors from the wrecked carriers. Three times he heard violent explosions which he believed may have been demolition charges.

Then, several hours after the sun rose, a U.S. navy patrol plane rescued him. As he flew back to the base, Gay told me, the sea could be seen covered with patches of oil and littered with empty Japanese rafts.

The whole story is one of the cool courage and firm determination of young Americans who fought until dizzy from lack of sleep and did things with their planes that the machines had never been built to do.



Twenty-five-pounder guns light up desert darkness at the moment of firing. A fine action photograph from the Libyan front. A Scots photographer, who was captured but escaped in the hurly-burly which has characterized so much of the fighting in the Western Desert, describes his adventure below.

The Germans Caught Me As I 'Snapped' Them

A Scots photographer who was captured by the Germans in Libya and escaped after a short stay in the enemy lines, told the following story—so typical of the confused desert war—of his adventures.

I WAS captured when the lorry in which I was riding found itself among a German armoured column. At first I thought the Germans were prisoners, and I began to take photographs of them—until firing began. One of the men in the back of the lorry shouted that there was a German armoured car firing on us. We soon found that a tank was also firing at us, and machine-guns appeared to be spitting fire everywhere. We jumped out and took cover, but we were too late and were captured.

We were taken to the headquarters of this German column, which numbered about 200 vehicles, consisting of armoured cars, a few tanks, lorries full of infantry and scores of scout cars. One of the German N.C.O.s gave me an Italian cigarette and, when the tobacco began to fall out, remarked: "It's just like the Italians—no good." Others told me they would be in Tobruk on May 27, and said "We have Churchill by the throat this time."

A German lieutenant ordered me to accompany him into the desert—a 40-mile trip which I didn't appreciate, as we were in the van of advancing artillery and armoured cars. We were met by a heavy hail of artillery fire when going down an escarpment, and I noticed that two of the enemy vehicles were destroyed. When we arrived at the bottom of the next escarpment we were numbered and told to keep away from the unit. The lieutenant said that anyone attempting to escape, or having a weapon or live rounds of ammunition in his pocket would be shot.

Later, the artillery fire from the British troops became extremely accurate, and all the vehicles which had been captured with us were rushed forward. An officer armed with a tommy-gun was left to look after the prisoners.

Then the shooting became dead accurate, and the prisoners were left to themselves. Several, including myself, landed in the welcome safety of a slit trench, where we lay doggo for three hours. Some Germans stopped and looked at us, but, thinking we were dead, passed on.

When it was dark enough I managed to collect about 50 other ranks and found a pocket compass. This, however, was not very accurate, and we had to depend on the moon for our direction. With a halt of ten minutes in every hour, we walked 25 miles and eventually struck the main Tobruk-Bardia road—and safety.—*Reuter.*

I Went to France With the Commando Men

For nearly an hour in the early morning of June 4, 1942, German defences on the French coast between Boulogne and Le Touquet were put into confusion by the "smash and grab" Commando raid described here by the Exchange Telegraph Co.'s war correspondent, Edward Gilling.

OUR voyage to the French coast was uneventful. Weather conditions were absolutely perfect, with the red glow from the setting sun flooding a calm sea. The Commandos, wearing shorts and stockings, and with their toggle ropes round their waists and soft woollen hats, sat quietly in the assault boats talking in whispers. As we neared the French coast searchlights were switched on and swung low over the sea. We held our breath many a time when it seemed certain that we must be picked up, but after a few anxious seconds the lights were switched off.

The Commandos, many of whom had to wade waist deep from their assault craft, advanced over the dunes, some of them reaching some distance inland after cutting their way through the barbed wire defences. It was not until the Commandos had actually established themselves on the foreshore that the German defences opened fire, following upon the firing of a white Very light which illumined the beach and threw a spotlight on the Commandos racing towards the dunes. The defences tried to set up a cross-fire, but, in the end, tracer bullets from one German machine-gun post could be seen streaking across the sands point-blank at a fellow gunpost. The Commandos were able to get through the wire defences and carry out their reconnaissance and gather the information which they were there to seek. Two searchlights were switched on by the defenders, and the German machine-gun posts directed their fire against the assault craft lying off, obviously with the object of preventing the re-embarkation of the troops that had landed.

The Army commander who led the assault up the beach ordered the withdrawal after the Commandos had completed their task, a single bugle note ringing out above the rattle of machine-gun and rifle-fire. Immediately the Commandos began to make their way back to the boats, the last party to leave consisting of a lieutenant and half-a-dozen men. Under cover of a smokescreen the troops were re-embarked and made their way out to sea with the German defences still firing wild and sporadic bursts at the diminishing targets.

After putting out a mile off-shore, it was decided that, in order to ensure that no one had been left behind, one of the craft should put back to the beach for a final look round. Finding no one waiting on the beaches, the commander of this craft decided to enjoy a Parthian shot with long bursts of fire from Bren guns and every other type of armament aboard.

This craft had only just left the beach when in the brilliant moonlight we suddenly spotted R.A.F. machines overhead diving low to the shore, and a series of heavy explosions followed as they dropped their bombs all along the foreshore in and about the defences. Shortly after dawn, as we were making our way from the French coast, we saw a squadron of Spitfires flying low over the water towards us, and for the remainder of the voyage home the R.A.F. fighters continually circled the convoy. One or two straggling craft, however, fell astern a little and these were made the object of a sudden swoop by four Messerschmitts which attempted to dive-bomb and machine-gun them. The enemy aircraft were met with a fusillade of fire from the boats and after a few minutes were driven off. Apart from this, the return voyage to a South Coast port was without incident. Small crowds gathered at the port and watched the Commandos come ashore and drive to their billets.

BACK FROM BOULOGNE! Some of the men who took part in the Commando raid in the Boulogne-Le Touquet area on June 3. A description of this exploit appears in this page.

Photo, British Official

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JUNE 10, 1942, Wednesday *1,012th day*

Russian Front.—In Kharkov sector Germans passed to offensive.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. raided Taranto and Crete by night.

Africa.—Garrison of Bir Hacheim withdrawn on Gen. Ritchie's order.

Australasia.—Rabaul raided by Allied bombers.

Home.—King's visit to Home Fleet revealed that units of U.S. Navy were operating in British waters.

General.—Prague radio announced that all men of Czech village of Lidice had been shot, women sent to concentration camp, children to "educational centres," and village razed to the ground.

JUNE 11, Thursday *1,013th day*

Russian Front.—Heavy attacks on Sebastopol; Germans also attacking at Kharkov.

Mediterranean.—Harbours of Taranto and Piraeus raided by R.A.F.

Africa.—Our armoured forces engaged enemy E. of Harmat.

General.—Mr. Eden announced signing of Anglo-Soviet Pact on May 26.

Execution of 34 Czechs announced.

JUNE 12, Friday *1,014th day*

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting for Sebastopol. Germans still attacking at Kharkov.

China.—Chuhsien occupied by Japs. A.V.G. shot down 9 out of 18 Jap planes raiding Kweilin.

Australasia.—Allied planes raided Rabaul and Gasmata in New Britain.

U.S.A.—Navy Dept. confirmed Jap landing at Attu, in Aleutians.

Home.—Further reinforcements of Canadian troops arrived in Britain.

General.—Execution of 18 Czechs.

JUNE 13, Saturday *1,015th day*

Russian Front.—Heavy fighting in Kharkov sector; Sebastopol beat off attacks.

Mediterranean.—Heraklion and Taranto raided by R.A.F.

Africa.—Severe fighting between armoured forces S. of Acroma.

China.—Japs entered Nancheng, S. of Nanchang.

Australasia.—Twenty-seven Jap bombers raided Darwin. Allied bombers raided shipping at Simberi, New Ireland.

Home.—More U.S. troops arrived in N. Ireland, escorted by U.S. naval forces.

JUNE 14, Sunday *1,016th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. submarine Olympus.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued in Kharkov and Sebastopol sectors.

Mediterranean.—Convoy from Alexandria bound for Malta encountered 2 Italian battleships, 4 cruisers and 8 destroyers.

Africa.—Troops round Acroma and 1st Armoured Division covered withdrawal from Gazala of 1st S. African Division and 50th Division.

China.—Japs from Chekiang occupied Yushan in Kiangsi.

Australasia.—Jap bombers and fighters intercepted off Darwin. Allied bombers raided Sohana in Solomons.

General.—Four American bombers made forced landing in Turkey.

JUNE 15, Monday *1,017th day*

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting round Kharkov and Sebastopol.

Mediterranean.—In air attacks on Italian fleet attacking westbound convoy, cruiser sunk, battleship torpedoed, and 22 enemy aircraft shot down.

Australasia.—Extensive raid on Darwin by 27 Jap bombers. Allied bombers attacked Kupang, Lae and Salamaua.

General.—Argentina and Chile warned by Germany that vessels entering N. American "blockade zone" after June 26 do so at their own risk.

JUNE 16, Tuesday *1,018th day*

Air.—Targets in Ruhr and Rhineland bombed by night.

Russian Front.—German attacks beaten off at Sebastopol and Kharkov.

Mediterranean.—Convoy from Gibraltar reached Malta with serious losses after violent air attacks.

Africa.—Enemy attacks repelled at Sidi Rezegh and Acroma.

China.—Kwangfeng, Kiangsi, evacuated by Chinese.

Australasia.—Town and harbour of Darwin raided by 27 heavy Jap bombers.

JUNE 17, Wednesday *1,019th day*

Air.—Submarine base at St. Nazaire bombed by night.

Russian Front.—Fierce attacks on Sebastopol repelled.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. bombed Heraklion and Kasteli, Crete.

Africa.—Our forces withdrew from El Adem and Sidi Rezegh.

Australasia.—Port Moresby attacked by 18 Jap bombers.

JUNE 18, Thursday *1,020th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. minesweeper Fitzroy.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed to have stormed main fortifications in N. of Sebastopol defences.

Africa.—Eighth Army holding strong fortified positions on Libyan frontier and in Tobruk area.

Australasia.—Port Moresby raided by 18 Jap bombers.

General.—Mr. Churchill arrived in U.S.A. for discussions with President Roosevelt.

Germans announced that two men who shot Heydrich had been captured and executed.

JUNE 19, Friday *1,021st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M destroyer Wild Swan after fight in Atlantic against 12 German bombers, of which six were brought down.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting for Sebastopol.

Air.—Emden and Osnabruck raided by R.A.F.

Africa.—Two enemy columns advancing eastward turned back towards Tobruk.

Australasia.—Allied bombers made heavy attack on aerodromes and shipping at Rabaul.

General.—Germans executed General Alois Elias, former prime minister of Czech puppet government.

JUNE 20, Saturday *1,022nd day*

Air.—Docks at Le Havre bombed by day. Strong force of bombers raided Emden by night.

Mediterranean.—Targets in Crete attacked by R.A.F. Seven enemy aircraft destroyed over Malta.

Africa.—Enemy attacked Tobruk perimeter in great strength and penetrated the defences. Enemy bombers attacked Egyptian coast between Sidi Barrani and Fuka.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombed Akyab and Magwe.

Australasia.—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarines had sunk three Jap supply ships in Strait of Malacca. Allied bombers again raided Rabaul and Lae.

General.—Telegraph Station at Estevan Point, Vancouver Island, shelled by submarine.

JUNE 21, Sunday *1,023rd day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed Dunkirk docks.

Russian Front.—Enemy succeeded in driving wedge into Sebastopol defences.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacked targets in Greece and Crete.

Africa.—Tobruk captured by Rommel.

U.S.A.—Coast of Oregon shelled by unidentified craft. Navy Dept. confirmed Jap landing in Kiska, Aleutians.

Home.—Four German bombers destroyed in night raid on Southampton.

JUNE 22, Monday *1,024th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed Dunkirk docks.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting continued at Sebastopol and Kharkov.

Africa.—Slight enemy activity in Egyptian frontier region.

Burma.—R.A.F. bombers raided Akyab and Magwe.

General. — Argentine merchant steamer Rio Tercero sunk by U-boat off New Jersey.

JUNE 23, Tuesday *1,025th day*

Air.—R.A.F. again bombed Dunkirk.

Russian Front.—Slight withdrawal by Russians in Kharkov sector.

Africa.—Enemy moving south from Gambut.

Burma.—Akyab harbour and aerodrome bombed by R.A.F.

China.—Kweiki, Kiangsi, recaptured by Chinese.

Home.—Small-scale raid on E. Anglia; three enemy aircraft destroyed.

General.—Announced that 73 Czechs executed in last three days

Editor's Postscript

No matter how much one may agree with the published opinions of any writer, if, on occasion, one finds him writing nonsense it is one's duty to say so. And I venture to discharge this duty by drawing the attention of my readers to these ill-considered words of Sir Ernest Benn in a recent issue of "Truth":

"Why is it that no member of the Government, so far as I know, and no speaker on the B.B.C., so far as I have heard, has yet told us that we are living on the charity of Canada and the United States; that without the free gift of sustenance from these sons and brothers and cousins we should today be in a condition not perhaps as bad as Greece, but getting very near to it? Can it be that we have sunk so low in the spirit of dependence, that we are so saturated with the mentality of doles and subsidies, that Britons who were once the antithesis of slavery have become such pulp-like paupers as to eat from the hand of charity without a thank you or without a thought as to how they might escape from that position? I decline altogether to believe it."

I AM glad Sir Ernest declines to accept the preposterous proposition which he presents to us (like the ghost in Hamlet) in "such a questionable shape." For it is quite at variance with the spirit that is claimed to inform the journal which gave it print. God help the world if there were any measure of truth in it! Britain is no beggar, sponging on her children nations or on her kith and kin beyond the seas. Canada is doing superbly in this hour of peril, America magnificently; but neither is showering largesse upon an indigent relative. And it is an insult to Britain even to frame so foolish a question. Britain has (so far) saved "the two Americas," Australia, and every country where men are now standing up for freedom, by her own stupendous efforts since the fall of France, and every ounce of energy, every penny of financial help that America and the British Dominions can contribute to this tremendous task of resisting the organized might of the dictator powers is no more than the charity that begins at home: it is needed no less for their own protection and survival than for Britain's. Had Britain (as the military leaders of France anticipated, save those few who followed De Gaulle) surrendered to Germany on a day in June 1940 all would soon have been over for the freedom-loving nations of all the Five Continents and that madman's dream of Germanic world-conquest might well have come to pass, or the Hundred Years' War that Japan is prepared for (says Tojo!) would now be dragging on with little hope of the eventual triumph of the democratic peoples.

AT the outset of the praiseworthy campaign of paper-saving and the surrender of old printed matter for re-pulping, a worthy magistrate somewhere in Scotland told his townsfolk that only two books were needed in any home—"Your Bible and your bank book." Why he didn't go the whole hog and say that any book other than a bank book was sheer luxury I can attribute only to the old Scottish superstition that the very paper on which a Bible is printed acquires a measure of holiness, yet the Scots have risen to greatness largely because of their readiness to follow a logical argument no matter where it leads them. I thought of that Scottish magistrate ("I'm no' a man, I'm a magistrate" is a historic Scots rebuke) when quite recently the English town of Stockton had the brilliant idea of dedicating a mile of old books to the Salvage drive, and the ceremony began with the Mayor's placing an old family Bible on the ground as the first item in the mile-long offering of his fellow-citizens. "Ma conscience!" must have exclaimed that Scottish magistrate if he ever heard of such sacrilege. Personally, I rejoiced at the liberal-mindedness that prompted this action. And I remembered with admiration an eminent Sunday-school worker of my acquaintance forty years ago who threatened to throw in the fire his housemaid's Bible because that lazy lassie spent too much of her time reading it instead of getting on with her housework. In an age when all sorts of stupid superstitions are again raising their once diminished heads it is worth emphasizing that no greater sacredness inheres in the actual printed paper of a Bible than in the printed pages of any other sort of book, so that when the family Bible is used to prop up a window-sash no irreverence should be attributed to the act. "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." If many old copies of the Bible found their way to the Salvage dumps it is more than probable that they were among the least soiled of those literary offerings, and the more welcome on that account.

A LITTLE lunch in wartime. Noted at a restaurant just a week before rationing. Lunchers: two very ordinary-looking persons, a young woman of no particular allure in an indeterminate dark blue uniform, youngish man, rather foreign ("if you know what I mean") in appearance. Began with cocktails or sherries (say 3s. each), melon 6s. each, half cold lobster, 7s. 6d. each, fresh peaches, 5s. 6d. each, coffee, and quite possibly brandies to follow, but I had to leave before they had attained to that joyous conclusion, though not without having seen them empty a large bottle of white burgundy (20s.). Total of lunch, including table money and ten per cent tip, minimum £3 14s.; if brandies followed, say £4 5s. 6d. A bit thick? Hence need for rationing.

THESE sour-stomached and self-appointed mentors of our statesmen, soldiers, sailors, airmen—these valiants of the pen who know everything, but, being internationally minded, suppress any impulse to encourage a belief in the modest merits of their more numerous but less intelligent fellow countrymen—have been doing their best in their gloomy little circles to belittle Britain's new effort in the air. To raid Cologne with a thousand planes in 90 minutes doesn't please them at all, at all, as they sip their weak tea and munch their buns in Bloomsbury byways. "With this technique, accuracy of aim must have been sacrificed to indiscriminate bombing," so moans a melancholic commentator in The New Statesman. The photographs taken by the R.A.F. to illustrate the results of their historic Cologne raid do not confirm this criticism of our bomber squadrons. From the same journalistic source Mr. Churchill can always get some sage advice on how to do his job.

DEAR MR. NEWSAGENT—I am afraid that you do not always read this postscript, and I am not altogether surprised, as I know how little time you have in these days of reduced staffs and increased pressure to get through with the trying task of distribution. But I should be glad if this brief note catches your attention, although it is no more than a repetition of one that appeared some months ago.

Our Publishing Department inform me that although I drew attention to the necessity for newsagents to avoid writing names and addresses of customers on the front page of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, this habit is still too common. It makes no difference, of course, to subscribers who do not intend to have their fortnightly Parts bound into volume form, but it is a very undesirable practice from the point of view of the subscriber who collects the loose Parts for binding purposes, as the outer pages are now designed for binding in the volume and ought to be preserved as clean and spotless as possible. Indeed, it seems to me that a subscriber has the right to insist that his newsagent will in no case write his name and address in pencil on any part of the publication merely to suit his own convenience in distributing. A number of cases in which the address has actually been written in ink have also been reported and that seems to me quite inexcusable. Do please oblige our publishers by bearing this in mind.

BINDING AND BINDING CASES

VOLUME FIVE of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED (comprising Nos. 101 to 130 inclusive) is now completed and subscribers can have their copies bound by the Publishers at the following prices:

STANDARD STYLE—6/6 each volume (2/6 for the binding case and 4/- for binding and return carriage.)

DE LUXE STYLE—11/- each volume (6/6 for the case and 4/6 for binding and return carriage.)

If you would like us to undertake the binding, send your loose copies (which must be in good condition) by Parcel Post to: "The War Illustrated," Binding Department, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing your name and address. Remittance to cover should be *posted separately*, mentioning the actual parts being sent for binding. Cheques and P.O.s should be made payable to The Amalgamated Press Ltd., and crossed "& Co." No responsibility can be accepted for money lost through being enclosed in the parcel.

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